Silver Screen

EDITED BY
TH WATERBURY

10¢

JANUARY

CONSTANCE
BENNETT

What the
STARS
FORECAST
for the
STARS

24 HOURS
WITH GARBO



TANGEE

The world's most famous lipstick

In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your individual complexion — whether blonde, brunette or titian. For Tangee brings out Nature's own color.

Lips of Tangee . . . no trace of grease or pigment . . . nothing except a lovely glow—so beautiful, so natural that it seems a part of your own lips. For Tangee is waterproof and permanent.

New! . . . Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick, for professional and evening use, $1.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75c . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.



SEND 20c FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. S. S. 1
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name

Address



New laws for love... the sky swarming with 'planes... a giant rocket shot to Mars... El Brendel a riotous stowaway... LooLoo, Queen of Mars, throwing a sky party for the rocketeers. JUST IMAGINE Broadway in

1980

New York gone futuristic... a towering tangle of pinnacles, viaducts, bridges... and what fashions in dress... JUST IMAGINE an amazing spectacular musical production with story and song by those masters of marvelous entertainment,

De SYLVA, BROWN AND HENDERSON

and an extraordinary cast, including

EL BRENDEL

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN — JOHN GARRICK
MARJORIE WHITE — FRANK ALBERTSON

Dances staged by Seymour Felix
Directed by DAVID BUTLER

FOX

Columbia Has The Best Directors~ Assuring You The Best Pictures!



FRANK CAPRA for
DIRIGIBLE
With JACK HOLT and RALPH GRAVES

From Lieut. Commander Frank Wead's great story. Mr. Capra directed "Rain or Shine," "Flight," "Submarine," "Ladies of Leisure," etc.

HOWARD HAWKS for
THE CRIMINAL CODE

From the sensational New York Stage hit by Martin Flavin . . . and winner of the Theatre Club Trophy as the best play of the year. Mr. Hawks directed "The Dawn Patrol," "The Air Circus" and others.

JOHN BLYSTONE for
TOL'ABLE DAVID

Your demands bring Joseph Hergesheimer's immortal screen classic to the motion picture theatre as a talking picture. Mr. Blystone is the director of "So This is London" and many other hits.

VICTOR FLEMING for
ARIZONA

Written for the screen by Jules Furthman from Augustus Thomas' greatest outdoor play. To be produced on an epic scale. Mr. Fleming directed "The Virginian," "Common Clay" and others.

JOHN ROBERTSON for
MADONNA OF THE STREETS
With EVELYN BRENT

An adaptation of W. B. Maxwell's wonderful novel, "The Ragged Messenger." Mr. Robertson directed Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess in many of their outstanding successes.

LIONEL BARRYMORE for
A GREAT PICTURE
With BARBARA STANWYCK

(Watch for announcement of title.) The greatest star find of years in a smashing drama made from a tremendous story. Mr. Barrymore directed "The Rogue Song," "Madame X" and many others.

Meet Miss Columbia



LESLEY BETH STOREY of Brooklyn, N. Y., winner in Columbia's great nation-wide search for "Miss Columbia." She has been awarded a week's contract at $250.00 and a free trip to Hollywood. She was the selection of the *New Movie* and allied magazines.

Runners up for honors as Miss Columbia, all of whom have been awarded Majestic Radios, were: Dorothy Dawes, Brooklyn, N. Y., nominated by *Film Fun;* Dorothy Brown, Des Moines, Ia., *Screen Romances;* Jean Eckler, West Palm Beach, Fla., *Motion Picture Magazine;* Donna Barton, Tulsa, Okla., *Motion Picture Classic;* Vera Martin, New York, N.Y., *Screen Book;* Bernice Maiwald, Laconia, N. H., *Motion Picture Stories;* Meta Diane Neuburg, Tuckahoe, N. Y., *Photoplay;* Mercedes Janet Rice, Banning, Ga., *Screenland.*

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask your favorite theatre when these pictures will be shown.

VOLUME ONE NUMBER THREE

Silver Screen

EDITED BY RUTH WATERBURY

LAURA BENHAM
Assistant Editor

JIMMY STARR
Western Representative

JANUARY NINETEEN THIRTY ONE

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

PAGE

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WITH GARBO - - - - - - - - HARRIET PARSONS 12
Here is the Real Greta at Home

THE HIGHBALL HAMLET - - - - - - - - - - - - - MARQUIS BUSBY 16
He's Charles Ruggles, The Screen's Best Drunk

SHE USES HER HEAD - - - - - - - - - - - - - EDWARD CHURCHILL 17
Brains Have Made Lilyan Tashman a Star

HELL'S SMARTEST ANGEL - - - - - - - - - - - - LAURA BENHAM 18
Jean Harlow, the Beautiful and Blonde

THE MARCH LAMB - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - RADIE HARRIS 27
Fredric is a Lion With His Fans

WHAT THE STARS FORECAST FOR THE STARS - - - - DOROTHY EMERSON 28
A Famous Astrologist Tells All

YOUNG-MAN-ABOUT-HOLLYWOOD - - - - - - - - - JIMMY STARR 31
Have a Laugh With This Lad

THE GREATEST STAR IN HOLLYWOOD - - - - JOSEPH HENRY STEELE 32
Dick Barthelmess Has Lasted Longer Than Any Other

LOOKS, LYRICS AND LEGS - - - - - - - - - - - MARGARET REID 33
Who's Got All Three But Jeanette MacDonald?

THE PRICE OF REALISM-HUMAN LIFE - - - - - - - ALLAN JORDAN 36
The Heroes of Hollywood are the Unknown Extras

$500 FOR FIVE WORDS - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 42
Your Chance For Easy Money

A WINTER WARDROBE FOR THE THRIFTY GIRL - - - LAURA LA PLANTE 43

IS HE THE SECOND CHANEY? - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 51
Discussing Bela Lugosi

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE ART OF MAKE-UP - - - - - - - - - - - - - MARY LEE 6

LOVE AND HISSES - 8

MOVIETOWN TOPICS - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 11

SILVER SCREEN'S REVIEWING STAND - - - - - - - - - - - - 38

ASK ME ANOTHER - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - SALLY FORTH 54

ART

A CALENDAR FOR MOVIE FANS FOR 1931 - - - - - - - - - - 19–26
Glorified by Twelve Great Stars

KISSED BY LUCK, RICHARD CROMWELL - - - - - - - - - - - - 46

THE FLOWER OF FRANCE, LILY DAMITA - - - - - - - - - - - 47

A DARK AND LOVELY LADY, EVELYN BRENT - - - - - - - - - - 48

A BLONDE AND LOVELY LADY, MIRIAM HOPKINS - - - - - - - - 49

LIFE'S BIG MOMENT INTERPRETED BY
CONSTANCE BENNETT AND KENNETH MCKENNA - - - - - - - - - 50

COVER PORTRAIT OF CONSTANCE BENNETT PAINTED BY JOHN CLARKE

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Paul C. Hunter, President; H. C. Olpe, Secretary; E. Philip Wilcox, Advertising Director. Chicago office: 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, William H. Capelle, Western Manager. Yearly subscriptions $1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $1.25 in Canada; foreign $1.50. Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., now pending. Copyright 1930.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

Making Up *for* Beauty

Your Face Makes Your Fortune and Make-up Makes Your Face

By Mary Lee



Even before she gets out of bed, Clara Bow augments her beauty with a clever make-up

THERE'S nothing quite so marvelous in the whole modern world as make-up.

A good make-up can make the plainest girl lovely and make a lovely girl simply ravishing. And it's really so very, very easy to have a good make-up once you have learned the rules.

I see them everywhere—the charming girls who are wall-flowers just because they neglect this final touch of beauty. I see girls who should be the big hit at the college prom, who should be deluged with tea and dinner dates, who should be dancing to gay music every night of their charming young lives, but who aren't, just because they lack the finishing touch of personality. And to such girls I always want to say—"But, my dear, haven't you a mirror and a good strong light, two clever hands and a few extra dollars?" For that's all any girl needs to make herself look beautiful. A few dollars invested in the right cosmetics, a little care in application, a bit of impersonal study of the face—and cheerio, the battle's won.

Truly I know what I'm talking about for I've seen many a girl change the whole course of her life by the selection of the right shade of powder.

That's one of the important things of make-up—getting yourself the right shades of powder, rouge, eyeshadow and lipstick. The second important one is good skin—not necessarily perfect but at least not blotchy and full of ugly pores and blackheads.

If you remember, I wrote you a few months ago about the care of the skin. (If you've forgotten, just write me personally and I'll advise you direct.) Of course, most modern girls do have fair, clear skins since we are all getting so sensible about diet, exercise and real cleanliness. So, just assuming that your skin is good, I'll leap right into explaining how to get yourself the right cosmetic colors.

There are now about eight different shades of powder and six shades of rouge in most beauty lines. So it is quite simple to get exactly what you want. To determine your powder tint, try the shades out on the skin of the inner arm, just below the elbow, or on your chest just below your average neckline. Here the skin retains its truest shades and if your powder matches so exactly that it doesn't show, it will prove delightfully flattering.

Eyeshadow is pretty generally chosen incorrectly. Here is the rule for that: Don't match the shade of your eyes. Match the shade of the shadows under your eyes.

Then liprouge—that most important of all make-up aids. Have it one shade lighter—not darker—than the natural color of your lips. If you've naturally very, very pale lips don't make the mistake of tinting them dark red. Make them pink, the lovely, soft pink of a young tea rose.

Cheek rouge—and paste rouge is really much the best, lasting longer, coming in better shades and better on the skin—should be very close to the shade of the liprouge, a little brighter rather than darker.

Now isn't that simple, really? There are the individual problems of girls who are ash-blondes, of dark brunettes, of red-heads. But those are problems of how to put the make-up on. Space forbids my writing of that this month, but I will tell you how next month. But the choice of colors remains the same for all types. You must match your basic skin, lips and under-eye shades.

Your face may make your fortune but your Make-up makes your face. Select your right colors and write me if I can help you with them. Or be darlings and read this column next month when I'll tell you how to apply them.

FREE BEAUTY

JUST write Mary Lee. She will be glad to advise you on any beauty problem—skin, hair, eyes, the best colors to wear, the little tricks of personality. Send her a stamped, addressed envelope for personal replies. Miss Lee's address is in care of SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th St., New York.



THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD!

Old Vienna—gay, charming—capital of glorious romance; the inspiration of artists and the home of love and youth! Through its eventful years echoes the story of a great love that enriches each generation with its enduring beauty. Old times, rich with remembrance... mirrored again in the new life of today. Beauty that never dies; love that lives on forever, each growing more beautiful as the long years pass.

"Viennese Nights" is the original creation of Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II. It was written especially for the Vitaphone and is filmed entirely in Technicolor.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE *Picture*

LOVE AND HISSES!!







THIS is a real fan department—Love on one side and Hisses on the other. Write what you think about pictures you've seen and players you've heard—and don't pull your punches. Three prizes each month for letters not longer than 200 words. $15 First Prize; $10 Second and $5 Third.

Prize Winners

FIRST PRIZE

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Washington, D. C.

WHAT a picture! Not of happiness and glory, but of misery and injustice and malice! If the scourge and shame of war are to be banished, we must declare ourselves superior to physical combat. Mothers must cease permitting their sons to play with toy soldiers, pistols and the like. It is the mothers who are primarily to blame for this pestilence that has paraded the earth, leaving in its tracks the blighted blood of young manhood. It is not manly to fight and deify war. For the sake of humanity, let us, Mothers and all, defend our inalienable privilege to worship the right, thereby abolishing the dark wastefulness and sin of war.

A lesson has been taught to millions through a picture like "All Quiet". Let us remember that right, when it is understood, supported and demonstrated, is a stepping-stone to progress—and permanent peace.

Mrs. Dorothy Caton

SECOND PRIZE

WHOOPS!

Ludlow, Ky.

BELIEVE it or not, I want to thank the producers for putting all those violent and unholy noises in sound pictures. Many a mother *has* to take her young brood to the pictures or stay home. (I have five youngsters, and don't I know it?) And you know how children dote on Indian warwhoops, dynamite explosions, train whistles and screaming sirens.

Sound effects have captured the child's interest and imagination to such an extent he will sit through a whole picture without asking more than half a dozen questions and there are no subtitles to be read aloud to him.

Screen noises may be just another headache to grown-ups, but the children love them.

We mothers suggest that one matinee daily be devoted exclusively to the younger generation. A sign might be hung out reading, "Children's Hour, with Bigger and Better Noises for the Kiddies. Put on your earmuffs, Mother, bring the youngsters, and enjoy yourself."

Mrs. Anna Rohan

THIRD PRIZE

DIMMING STARS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHY don't the producers wake up and give Joan Crawford, Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers and some other favorites a good story once in a while?

Jeanette MacDonald gets "Let's Go Native" and some other smash hits, while they give Clara Bow "Love Among the Millionaires," a story so old that it should have retired long ago. Then Miss Bow's popularity wanes and after a few more rotten pictures we never hear of her again.

Joan Crawford has the most loyal set of fans. Whether the picture is good or bad, the theatre is packed when a Crawford picture is shown. I suppose that's what the producers count on, but such things won't last forever. We may go to see a picture because our favorite star is in it, but we just won't sit through any picture whose plot is just worn threadbare.

Evelyn Kamivier

MORE CHAPLIN

Los Angeles, Calif.

CHAPLIN'S stand to continue producing silent pictures is quite laudable in his case, since he is essentially a pantomimist, but most of the other players' talents do not run along that line. Charlie stands alone as our one great pantomimist. The talkies have brought us a fine array of acting talent and a new and intelligent technique, and I for one hope that the producers will not, as Chaplin predicts in the November SILVER SCREEN, return to the old-fashioned silents.

Chaplin asserts that speech interrupts the action. In the first talkies when speech was a novelty it was permitted to interfere with the unfolding of the plot, but this fault is a thing of the past. Subtitles now would come as a break in the continuity.

The talkies have developed the art of many of our former silent stars and have brought us several talented stage players, whose presence on the screen guarantees intelligent performances.

Imagine silencing the charming Chevalier!

I'm for the talkies 99-44-100 per cent. (The remaining fraction is for Charlie's "City Lights.")

D. H. Chapman

WHAT, NOT A WIDOW?

I WENT to see Gloria Swanson in "What a Widow."

Paderewski playing jazz. John Singer Sargent drawing cartoons, that was what it seemed like to me. Gloria Swanson has passed the stage of playing farce—she has grown up.

What must she be trying to prove to herself? That she can be funny? Granted. That it will make box-office returns? Yes, indeed. But why? Surely she could have gotten a story to fit her talents. What a pity—such wasted talent—all that money spent on such drivel. Even her voice reflected the lightness and insincerity of the part.

She could do a lady from any of Edith Wharton's books. Why does she stick to modern stuff?

And now for a little love.

Ramon Novarro—of course! What a delightful, witty picture his latest is. But such a title! Surely no one needs to be lured in to hear Ramon sing. He is not a jazz type, so why a jazz title? For real, genuine comedy he is unequalled and also for good looks, charm and something just a little finer in him that seeps through in every picture he makes.

Lorraine Benedict

WELL, WHY NOT?

Oakland, Calif.

GEE! I love the movies. But why, oh why do the producers insist on Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll singing? Both of them are cute, but Buddy is too much of a mama's boy. They certainly can't sing.

Now when John Boles or Lawrence Tibbett sings that's a different story—why not let them do the singing and the rest just talk?

Beatrice I. McKechnie

IS THIS A FAN?

Hightstown, N. J.

THE movies are grand. How nice! We can hear Herbert Hoover's real voice in the newsreel!

The movies always make people patient when they are discontented, especially the comedies. I believe it would be good to have longer pictures. We usually go to the theatre at two P. M. We come out at four o'clock. It would be a good thing if we could go to the theatre at twelve M. (noon) and come out at eight o'clock in the evening. During all those hours we could laugh, be thrilled, entertained and hear the real voices of our favorites and other famous persons.

Steven Schermer



ARTIE, *architect, builder, pride of the family, yet he left her in the end.*

JENNY, *timid, home-loving, married to a man old enough to be her father.*

BEATTY, *beautiful, clever, with her own distorted ideas about love and marriage.*

DANNY, *blacksheep of the family, gangster, killer of his own sister.*

Helplessly MOTHERS CRY—

"Why are my children so different?—All different from each other—all different from ME!"

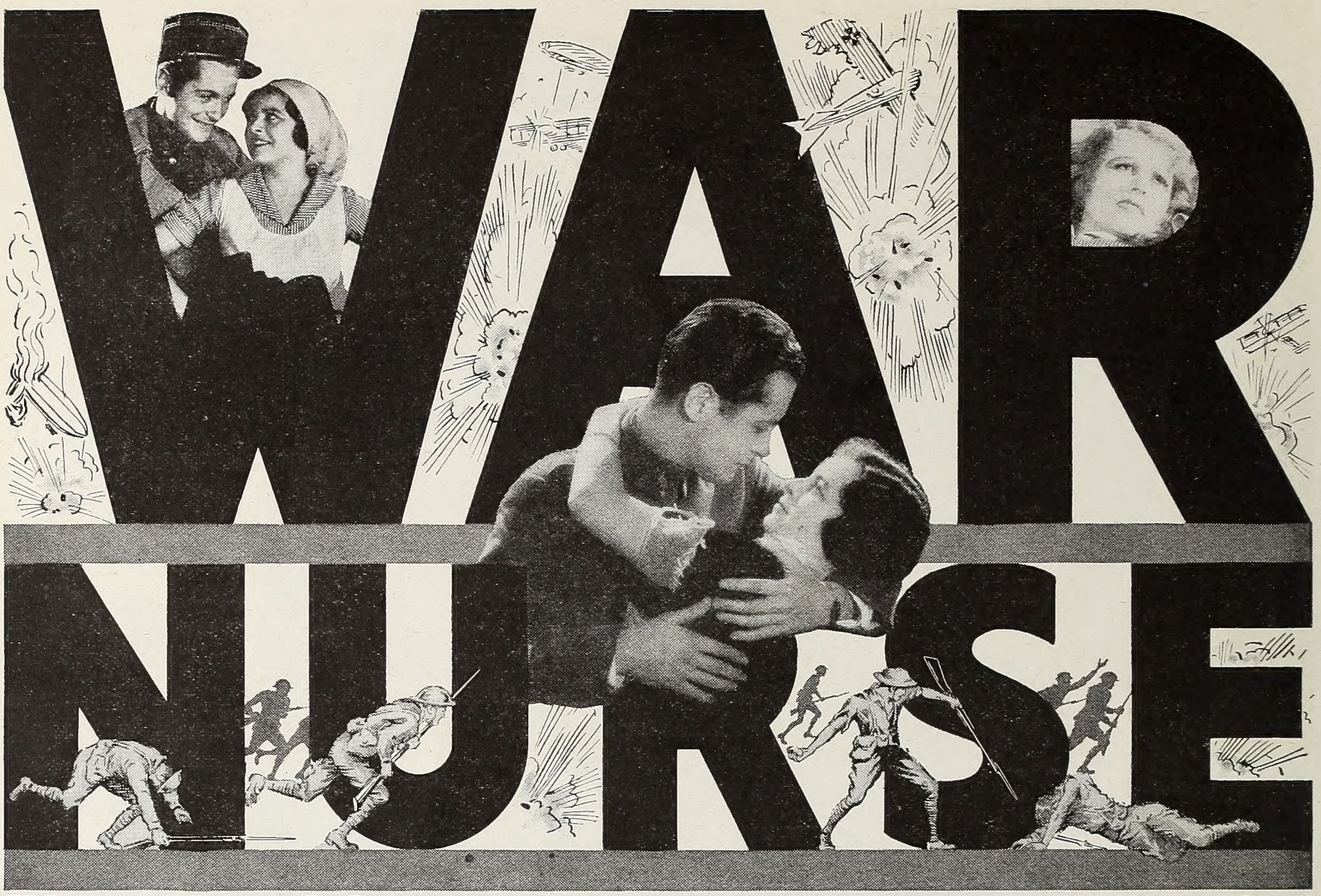
A mother dreams about her children. She plans . . . but destiny disposes. Four children, four lives—one a builder—one a destroyer—one a wife—one an unwed mother. Hers the pain—and the joy. Yours the opportunity to see the most daring, true-to-life story of the talking screen. It might be the life story of your neighbor, your dearest friend, your mother . . . or perhaps—even your own!

First National Pictures

VITAPHONE Picture
REG. TRADE MARK

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE *Picture*



The World War as Seen Through the Eyes of our Girls Who Lived, Loved and Suffered on the Western Front!



For the first time! The frank, daring, adventurous story of our girls at the front! The wonder and beauty of love that blossoms even in the carnage of war! Here is Drama, stark, gripping, spectacular. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "The Big Parade," have again pioneered into a hitherto untouched phase of human relationship in the World War. Based on the famous anonymous novel of that name.

with

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
ROBERT AMES **JUNE WALKER**
ANITA PAGE **MARIE PREVOST** **ZASU PITTS**

Directed by
Edgar Selwyn

Continuity by
Becky Gardiner
Dialogue by
Becky Gardiner and Joe Farnham



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Silver Screen's Movietown Topics



ARTHUR GREVILLE COLLINS, producer of "Death Takes A Holiday" on a Los Angeles stage, sought Milton Sills for the title role shortly before the actor's sudden death.

Just one of the ironical things of Hollywood.

* * *

A CERTAIN movie mama, parent of a star known for her various amours, was complaining about her darling offspring.

"Why, even when she was a little girl, she was always running away from the convent," she bewailed.

"Of course," retorted a Bright Young Thing. "She was running to a monastery!"

* * *

Charles "Buddy" Rogers has gone vacationing to Europe with his Ma—and they're going first class, too.

It's really quite an event in Buddy's life. The last time he went to Europe, during his school days, he traveled somewhat exclusively—he played valet to a bunch of not so nice cows on a cattle boat.

What a difference a few years make.

* * *

NEWS went to gossip round Hollywood recently that June Marlowe, ingenue, had a husband—secretly wed and all that sort of thing.

But it was all a fooler. June was being sued for something and the local reporters thought her brother, Amor, was the hubby.

June isn't married—and hasn't any ideas on the subject.

* * *

DORIS KENYON, wife of the late Milton Sills, was so grief-stricken over the star's death that it was impossible for her to keep her engagement at a local theatre for a vocal concert.

Hollywood's elite had expected to turn out en masse for Doris' debut, but the engagement was definitely cancelled.

SOMEBODY got Harold Lloyd's Great Dane, Leo, a prize-winning dog, for the small sum of two dollars—the price of a dog license.

Some months ago, Harold was forced to give Leo to a friend in Pasadena because neighbors in Beverly Hills complained about Leo's howling at night. The friend eventually turned the canine over to the city pound.

Finally, Leo—his pride and confidence gone—was offered to anybody who would pay the two dollar fee.

* * *

JACK OAKIE isn't the only actor who has been hit by Chicago racketeers for "charity" benefits. Jack was lucky, however, and got away without any damage to his bank account.

Charlie Murray was hit pretty strong, but is said to have angled out. Harry Richman and several others have contributed, however.

* * *

WILLIAM BAKEWELL and Mary Pickford danced together at the Embassy Club many times the other night. Doug Fairbanks was busy with a dark-haired siren, quite unknown to the picture colony.

* * *

Ann Christy has been fox-trotting at popular night clubs with Leo Morrison, booking-agent.

No romance—just free-lancing.

* * *

GENE MARKEY, handsome scenario writer, took Gloria Swanson out dancing the other night.

* * *

JOHN ROCHE had Julia Faye at the opera—but Marie Dressler came along as chaperon.

* * *

HEDDA HOPPER, clever actress, went places to see things with John Charles Thomas, opera star, while he visited Los Angeles. [*Continued on page* 34]

24 Hours with



By
Harriet
Parsons

GARBO!

To the public she is a glamourous figure shrouded in mystery. To the press she is a framework on which to hang wild flights of journalistic fancy.

Garbo! If all the stories written about her were laid end to end they would reach from Hollywood back to her native Stockholm with enough stray adjectives left over to fill the Grand Canyon.

Yet no two stories are alike. Why? Because Garbo keeps her own counsel and much of the time her own company.

Now I, in common with some twenty million other movie fans, had thought about Garbo, dreamed about her, wondered about the hidden facts of her life. And also I, like some hundred other writers, was dying to get a story on her that might reveal some of the facts about her—show the world the real Greta.



Here is the house where dwells the world's most sought-after woman, a gracious, simple, spacious house, quiet and full of sunlight, reflecting the spirit of its owner

I was in Hollywood. Garbo was in Hollywood. If I was human—and I certainly am—so was Greta. She existed and had her being. She could be seen. When these bright ideas hit me, I got the big brain wave. Somehow, some way, I would stick by Garbo's side for a whole day—all twenty-four hours of it—all twenty-four hours when I was observing her but she didn't know she was being observed—and find out how she spent just one typical day of her lovely, glamourous life.

It wasn't an easy stunt—but oh, what a thrill!

I chose a Saturday night and a Sunday. I thought Greta would be free then, away from the studio and her art, most thoroughly herself. And by a lucky chance I found out one salient fact—that Greta goes often to a little theatre in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles, a theatre run by the Yale Puppeteers. I learned that on my particular Saturday there was to be an act burlesqueing Hollywood and Garbo and I gambled that Garbo might go to witness it—gambled and won.

The theatre is on Olvera Street, a colorful segment of the angelic city, only a block long and barred to vehicles. It is more like a marketplace in the heart of old Mexico than a thoroughfare in the center of one of America's largest cities.

Next door to the theatre is a subterranean cafe—the Casa de la Golondrina. The menu is entirely Mexican and the people who dine there are interested in their food, not in sightseeing. It seemed to me just the type of place where Garbo might choose to eat before attending the puppet show. So I started my quest there.

Out in the great open spaces where Greta sun bathes, protected by the tiny canvas box in the foreground and the thick hedge. Where the hedge ends is a deep valley

GARBO

A Marvelous—and Exclusive —Piece of Reporting that Reveals—Through a Typical Day in Her Life—the Simple Pleasure Loving Girl Who is the Real Garbo



Twenty-four hours with Garbo prove that she is not a recluse. She adores friends but she has the reserve natural to a woman of refinement

I took no chances. The show didn't start till nine but at seven I was in the little cafe, seated alone with my hat pulled down over my eyes, at a table that overlooked every corner of the room. I stalled over my dinner, lingered over my coffee. Seven-thirty came, eight o'clock, eight-fifteen. I was just deciding this was my unlucky day when the door opened and a man and a girl entered quietly.

I caught my breath in excitement. It was Garbo! I sat breathless while she and her escort selected a table. It was the one next to mine, not four feet away. Garbo was dressed as no other girl in Hollywood would have been dressed—a grey suit, severely tailored, a man's grey shirt, a navy blue tie with white dots, a heavy grey topcoat and a dark blue beret with no hair showing from beneath it. Her pale, lovely face had a luminous quality and she was quietly very gay.

I dragged my fascinated eyes away from her to her escort—a tall man and slim, with an ironical mouth. Garbo was speaking to him in German but I decided that he wasn't German. Suddenly I recognized him—Jacques Feyder, the French director, who made "The Kiss," Garbo's last silent picture.

They began to eat. Greta had enchilada de la tapiata, a kind of Mexican pancake, dry and served with salad. She finished it and ordered a second dish—this time enchilada with a highly flavored chili sauce. Afterward she drank black coffee and smoked a denicotinized cigarette. A flower woman came by the table with her little tray of blossoms. Feyder purchased a gardenia and with a gallant gesture



Greta's no more built her house on sand than she has her career. It's solidly entrenched on a high cliff with a heavy railing all around



A lonely driveway on a lonely road, a mail box painted sombre dark blue and bearing no name—but I discovered, nevertheless, that here lay the entrance to Garbo's home



Star, exotic, sophisticate, siren—Garbo is also a careful Swedish housewife, who walks to the grocery and inspects the food she's going to eat. This is the store

handed it to Garbo. She smiled at him and pinned it to the lapel of her coat.

At nine sharp she and Feyder left as quietly as they had come and walked next door to the Teatro Torrito. They sat down in the third row from the back of the tiny house and I slipped into the row just behind them. I pinched myself to be sure I am awake and sitting so close to my idol.

During the first sketch Garbo is quietly amused. I study her face and am amazed by two things—first, that she is even more beautiful off the screen than on, and younger—and second, that she wears a light make-up, mascara and liprouge. Where is the colorless, drab, homely girl the fan writers have talked so much about? This off-screen Garbo is a lovely woman, wearing just enough make-up to accentuate her beauty.

The Hollywood sketch comes on. A puppet of George Arliss and one of Aimee Semple MacPherson make their appearance. Then the Garbo puppet, dressed as Anna Christie. A hush falls on the small audience—by now every one in the house knows that Garbo is present. They glance at her surreptitiously to see how she will re-act to the puppet of herself. But Garbo has seen it many times before. She chuckles throatily at the verse spoken by the little figure—particularly at the last lines:

Dat old devil sea is a devil maybe
but he was an angel to me.
With photography misty I did Anna Christie
and see what O'Neill did for me!
If I should decide to go back home
I could buy a half interest in Stockholm;
I live life as I please with the world at my knees
Singing "Skoal!" to dat old devil sea!

At the line about Stockholm Garbo laughs out loud—a good, hearty laugh—and looks up at Feyder, smiling. They are plainly very good, understanding friends.

At ten o'clock the curtain goes down on the final sketch. Garbo and Feyder slip through a side door into Adrian's shop, next door. Adrian is the costume designer at M-G-M and I begin to feel scared—scared that my prey will slip away from me through some underground passage sacred to ladies of mystery.

But I go around in front of the shop and paste my nose against the glass of the door. Inside I see Garbo going from one object to another in the small shop, animatedly. She is gay and interested. Suddenly she spies a huge, fantastic monkey with a body of white fur and a comic red corduroy face. She stands delightedly while Adrian shows her how the arms and legs move. She is as pleased as a child.

Meantime, a crowd has collected outside the patio. With that genius peculiar to crowds, they have sensed a celebrity near-by—their greatest celebrity. But Garbo lingers in the shop until they have all gone except me. It is eleven when suddenly, much to my relief, Adrian, Garbo and Feyder come out and stroll up and down the street. Adrian is showing her the sights of the miniature village.



The luckiest creature in the world—Greta's kitten, of no particular ancestry, who goes in and out of her house at will

At eleven-twenty-five Garbo and Feyder enter Garbo's Lincoln limousine and the colored chauffeur starts off. Garbo in a Lincoln and me in a Ford! I pray my poor Lizzie will be equal to the task and set out in hot pursuit. I follow the big car so closely that I almost bump into it at several intersections. West, toward Hollywood, through Hollywood and Beverly Hills on out to the sea. As we approach Santa Monica, the chase grows exciting. Garbo lives somewhere in Santa Monica—but *where?* And



Greta's garden where she plays with her kittens, hidden from prying eyes (not mine) by thick trees. Note the medicine ball which she tosses

after I discover where, what am I going to do about it?

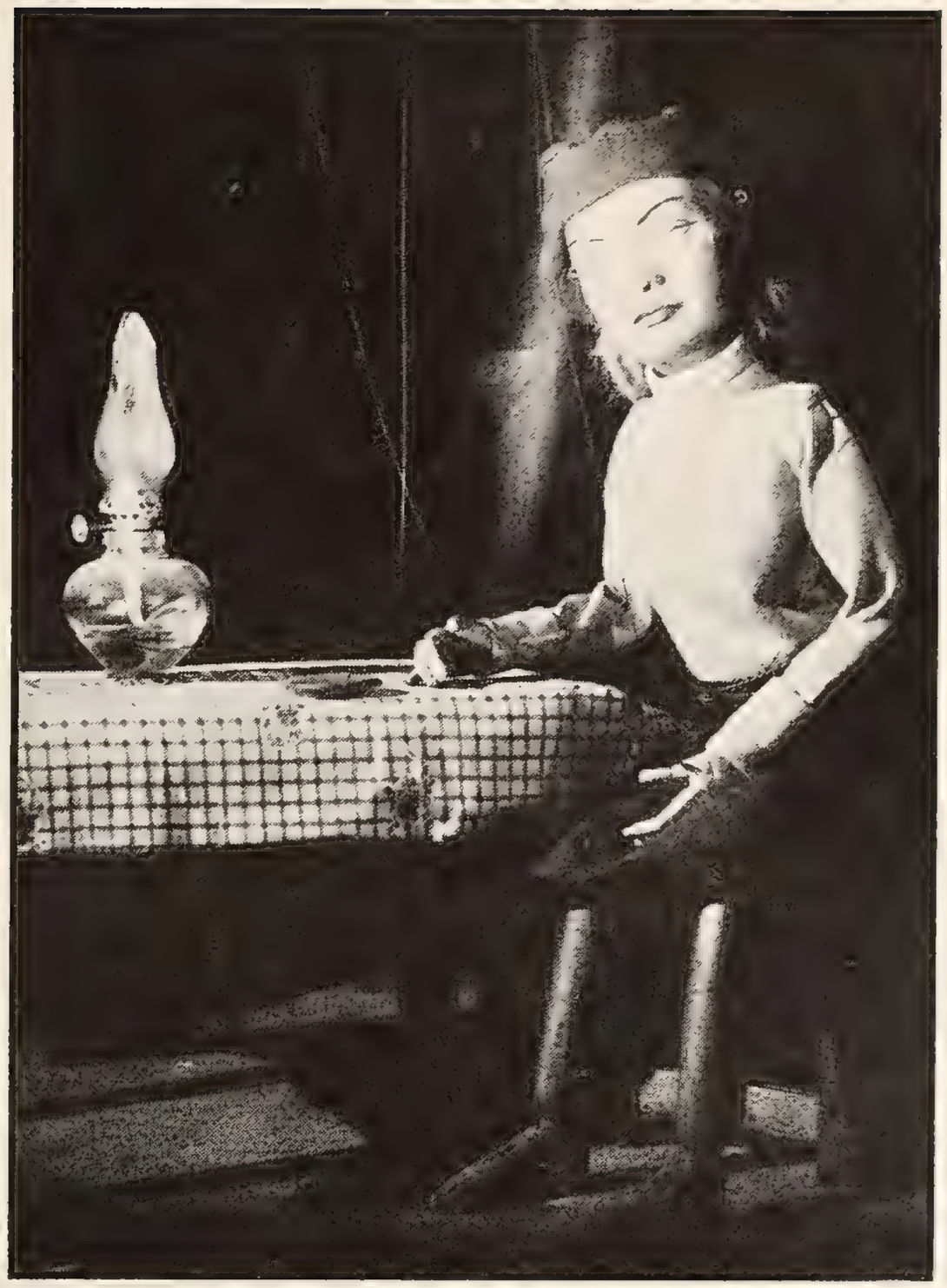
Suddenly the big car slows down and turns sharply into a driveway thickly surrounded by trees. I make a note of the address and hastily survey the place. It is entirely surrounded by tall spruce trees, standing black in the blue of a California night. Not a glimpse of the house can be seen from the street. It is just the sort of place Garbo would choose. A fortress as impenetrable and hidden as she is herself. She disappears—Feyder departs alone—midnight arrives—.

I settle down for a nocturnal vigil.

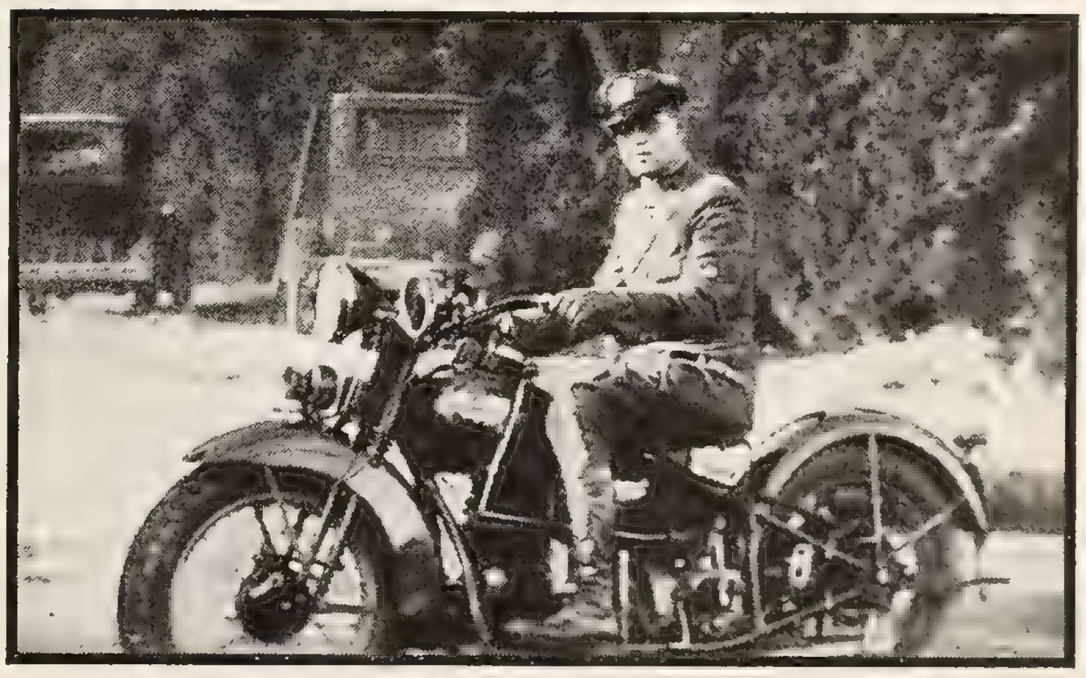
Only a little after daybreak, I begin to investigate my surroundings. I am in the vicinity of Brentwood, an exclusive community halfway between Santa Monica and Sawtelle. I wander about a bit and learn things. About five blocks from the Garbo menage is the small, open market where Garbo herself comes after the fresh fruit and vegetables she loves, and the black Concord grapes for which she has a weakness. Here, too, is the drug-store to which she walks often, in the late afternoon. On such occasions she is always alone, clad in top-coat, beret and dark glasses. The proprietor tells me that she always goes straight to the magazine rack and buys all the new fan magazines—but that the clerks never speak to her unless she addresses them first. Her purchases in the drug-store seldom come to more than a dollar or two and she always pays cash, refusing to open an account.

By this time, the morning is advanced enough for me to return to my post outside the Garbo residence. The place is just as mysterious in the daytime as at night. There is no name on the mailbox. The thick wall of trees veils the house completely. On the east side a vacant lot, on the west another house, completely shut off by the same closely-planted trees. West of that, another vacant lot. I cross the lot on the east side of the house, hoping to get a view from the back—but a sheer cliff faces me. Garbo's garden ends at the cliff's edge and an iron railing runs along the brink. But, just between the last tree in the impenetrable wall of foliage, and the beginning of the railing is a tiny clear space, not more than two feet square. With a sudden burst of courage, I gain a precarious footage somewhere between earth and heaven, and, standing on this spot at peril to life and limb, I can see over a waist-high hedge—at last, a clear view of Garbo's house.

A two-story white Spanish house, with red-tiled roof. Rambling and larger than I had expected, but not pretentious. Typical of Garbo, who not only has a simple home, but runs it economically, keeping only three servants, a cook, a gardener and a chauffeur. Her bills for food average only sixty dollars a month, although both the cook and gardener live in. Besides buying in Brentwood, Garbo also goes into Los Angeles to get meat at Wreden's, a wholesale market. [*Continued on page* 58]



It might have angered a less great woman but I watched Garbo laugh heartily at sight of this puppet burlesqueing her and "Anna Christie" at the little Mexican theater



The man who guards Garbo—Officer William Bray of the Santa Monica police—in front of Garbo's estate which is a part of his beat



Here is the unfrequented Rockingham Road which Greta walks, hands in her greatcoat pockets, with so swinging a stride I could scarcely keep up with her

The Highball Hamlet

Charles Ruggles, the Screen's Best Drunk, is turning into a Perfect lady

By Marquis Busby



Here's the bottle baby, Charles Ruggles, who brings laughter to the films and moisture to the throat

PERHAPS a lot of people will just lay it to the evils of drink, and say it was good enough for him, for after being one of the funniest drunks who ever hiccoughed his way to fame, Charles Ruggles has turned into a female impersonator. The next time you see him he will be the sweetest old lady who ever trotted across the screen, none other than "Charley's Aunt."



Charlie as Charley's Aunt in the new talkie version of the old comedy. A sweet old lady, sweet and low

It's a relief to Ruggles. For a while it looked for all the world as if he would go through life with a gin bottle in his hand, and a permanent "bun" on his shoulders. In "Charley's Aunt," which the Christies are reviving for 1931 consumption, he does try to take a drink but he never quite downs it. There's many a slip, you know. He's glad to climb on the wagon and train with Volstead for a while.

"There's peril in monotony," he said, patting the gray curls he wears in his role. "People laughed at me in 'Gentlemen of the Press' when I had too much to drink. They also laughed at me in 'The Lady Lies.' There is always danger in trying to make people laugh at the same thing over and over again.

"I sort of had twinges of fear when I saw the manuscripts of 'Roadhouse Nights' and 'Young Man of Manhattan.' You know, I could smell gin before I turned a page. I bid fair to become the most consistent drunk in the history of the screen. It wasn't that I thought for a moment that I was giving Young America bad ideas, and luring them up to the cocktail shaker. I was just afraid that the public would quit laughing at Charlie Ruggles if he didn't sober up. It's pretty tough when people don't laugh at a comedian. It upsets him no end."

So there are no hangovers in "Charley's Aunt."

The role gives the good natured Ruggles a chance to pioneer in talking pictures. He will be the first female impersonator to try a falsetto on the screen. Of course, Lon Chaney appeared as an old lady in "The Unholy Three," but only for a few scenes. Ruggles wears skirts, and at least tries to be a perfect lady through most of the picture. He does forget once in a while and lifts his skirts a bit higher than any nice old lady would consider proper. But in that wig, the smug black, rustly silk dress, and the perky little bonnet, you'd never suspect his heinous past. It isn't an easy role. It was all very well for Julian Eltinge to be a dashing femme in the silent regime, but it is something else when a healthy bass has to *sound* and look soprano.

If you're old enough to remember, and if you'll admit it if you do, you haven't forgotten Syd Chaplin as Charley's Aunt in the days when you could sleep through a picture if you didn't like it. "Charley's Aunt," for that matter, has been a theatrical standby for two or three generations. Even Ruggles has essayed the role once before, several years ago when he was playing in stock.

"Do you know," he said, "there is even a 'Charley's Aunt' Club in England? There are several thousand members, all of them having played the show professionally at one time or another. [*Continued on page* 63]

She Uses Her Head

Which is the real reason why Lilyan Tashman has evolved from being just a chorus girl to the most distinguished woman in the movies

By

Edward Churchill

LILYAN TASHMAN has been married five years, does not contemplate either separation or divorce, and loves her husband. And what's more to the point, he loves her.

She isn't impressed by great names, but finds satisfaction in personalities. It isn't who you are but what, that counts with Lilyan.

She doesn't diet.

She discusses neither clothes nor people who wear them.

She spends twenty-five thousand dollars a year being "the best dressed woman in Hollywood," and employs a Parisian representative to see that her personality is fitted as well as her person.

She dines in her garden each night.

She won't sign a contract because she wants to pick her plays and her parts.

She writes much of her own dialogue.

She often "speaks out of turn" to those in high places, employing pithy truths.

In other words, she says what she wants when she wants, and makes 'em like it.

She has the largest collection of first editions in the film colony, her favorite being "Vanity Fair" by Thackeray.

She goes where she wants to go, does what she wants to do and, in short, acts herself.

These are just a few of the reasons why Lilyan, who has fascinated Edmund Lowe, her husband, for half a decade, and motion picture audiences for a longer time than that, is regarded as "different".

She admits being responsible for bringing many innovations to Filmdom and fostering them. She confesses being a step ahead in clothes, in styles, in trends and in ideas. But she also claims that she can't help herself.

This woman, who has uncovered a melodious talking and singing voice for the speaking film, has built an amazing success on her unconscious, unassuming "difference" from other players. She, as a free-lance, is so in demand that she is doing two pictures at a time on different lots.



All stories of Lilyan must include Eddie Lowe, her husband, whom she has made supremely happy in a town where most marriages are just one long war

Ever since she was graduated from Girls' High, in Brooklyn, and dodged the teachers' training at Hunter College, overlooking the broad Hudson, "Tash" has been lugging that "different" label and it's never been excess baggage.

In 1920, when she burgeoned as one of the fairest of the Flo Ziegfeld blooms, she was already established as "that unusual Tashman girl".

And now, with a standardized Hollywood looking askance, she is "different" because she was the first to wear pajamas for anything beside sleeping; because she designed her own home; because she put an all-white bedroom in it to make her wake up feeling cheerful; because her taste runs to black automobiles when most players want lots of color and brass and "gingerbread" on them; because she thinks, contrary to accepted Beverly Hills standards, that flowers are better home surroundings than swimming pools and

[*Continued on page* 63]



One of Tash's success secrets is her ability to play. Here are Eddie and Lilyan at the beach with George O'Brien and Mrs. Eddie Sutherland. Notice that even at play, Lilyan dresses smartly

Hell's Smartest Angel





Jean, vamping 'til ready, in her first starring film, "Hell's Angels." Ben Lyon is the willing victim

Jean Harlow, a Cinema Sinner, is Perfectly Heavenly

By Laura Benham

EITHER Jean Harlow has been grievously misunderstood or she has done an about-face and decided to be human. For when the platinum blonde star of "Hell's Angels" first blazed a sexy trail across the cinema sky, she was frequently interviewed and quoted—to her invariable disadvantage. According to most of the articles about her, she was just another dizzy blonde, to put it kindly.

So, I delayed going to see her as long as I could—I dreaded a long session devoted to "I live only for my Art"— with a capital "A", and stuff such as that. But, finally, after Howard Hughes, the millionaire producer of "Hell's Angels" took over part of United Artists and the plans that were being made for Jean with that outfit, convinced me that the girl must have something, I decided to see for myself—but, even so, I expected to find at best a polite nit-wit, with perhaps a dash of scarlet.

Instead, I found one of the most beautiful girls in the world, breathtakingly lovely, startlingly young. A charming, cultured girl with a sane, sincere outlook on life—and a sense of humor for good measure. No affectation, no pose—no trace of the superficial sophistication I had expected, but an *unaware*, babyish quality. It was almost as if she had played the torrid love scenes of "Hell's Angels" without realizing their import. At least, that's the way she impressed me—and I think it was real.

Stardom in one single picture has meant little to Jean Harlow. To most picture players screen success means not only glory and adulation, but *having things*. The rewards of film fame are pretty clothes, a pleasant home, expensive motors. But to wide-eyed Jean, a picture career meant at first sacrificing these things. She was born to wealth—and to work in pictures has given up an inheritance far greater than anything she can ever hope to earn.

That's why she can't get excited about it all.

"When I first went to Hollywood I had never even thought of going in pictures," she told me. "You see, I had run away from school and married Bud McGrew, and we moved to Hollywood to live and play."

One look at Jean and you'd know that what followed was inevitable. A girl of her distinctive beauty had no more chance of staying out of camera range than a turkey has of living at Thanksgiving. Her looks are of the kind that poems are made of—once you have seen her, you can not forget her.

"But though we lived near the studios, we had no contact with them—my life was centered around my home and my husband," she continued. "We had a few friends connected with the industry, though, so naturally heard a lot about pictures and picture people.

"Then, suddenly I woke up one day and found myself in pictures, too!"

"What kind of hangover was that?" I asked.

"Not the kind you think," Jean responded. "What I meant was that I was in pictures before I realized it.

"It happened like this. One [*Continued on page* 61]

A Calendar *of* Movie Stars *for* 1931



HURRELL

1931	JANUARY					1931
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
+	+	+	+	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
+	+	+	4	11	18	24

JANUARY is the month when everything is new and fresh, so naturally a movie calendar must start with William Haines, the freshest guy who ever faced a camera. But just as January settles down after New Year's and Bill's birthday, so Bill settles down after working hours, a quiet gentleman of cultured tastes.



ALEXANDER

1931	FEBRUARY					1931
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

FEBRUARY and Ronald Colman—cold February which broods under the cloak of winter yet flashes an occasional smiling day hinting of the warmth of spring—like Ronnie, its star, born on the ninth, cool, reserved Ronnie with his unexpected, devastating charm.



HURRELL

TEMPESTUOUS March, the month of the maddest moods, of clear, wind-swept beauty, of storm and triumph. What personality in the whole galaxy of stars could suit it so well as that gloriously changeable, vivid girl, Joan Crawford? The twenty-third is Joan's birthday.

1931	MARCH					1931
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



WIDE WORLD

APRIL and May—Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—as close on the calendar as in private life. Mary of the laughter and the tears was born on April 8th, Doug on May 23rd.

1931 APRIL 1931

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
+	+	+	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	(8)	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	+	+
+	+	+	2	9	17	25

1931 MAY 1931

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
+	+	+	+	+	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	(23)
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	+	+	4	11	17	25



THOMAS

1931		JUNE				1931
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
✣	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	✣	✣	✣	✣
✣	✣	✣	8	15	22	29

JUNE, the first month of summer, when all out-of-doors calls, when it's good just to be alive and greet the sun. Who better to stand for June than the blond and bonny Bill Boyd? Bill's first grin was registered on June fifth.



DYAR

JULY — midsummer — sparkle and fireworks— hot days, langorous nights —a definite, individual month, July. William Powell takes its bows, Bill that very definite gentleman and very individual and fine actor. The twenty-ninth is the date for the pride of the Powell clan.

1931		JULY				1931
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
✣	✣	✣	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	✣
✣	✣	✣	7	14	21	28



HURRELL

AUGUST, passionate, glowing, promising, dotted with vacation days, with unusual, exciting moments. August, as sophisticated in its charm as Norma Shearer, its tenth-day star, brilliant Norma, the woman of the world, beautiful, poised and intelligent.

1931		AUGUST				1931
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					



BULL

SEPTEMBER, when a new subtlety comes into the air, when one is transported beyond the commonplace even while the heart is saddened a bit with the weight of its own wisdom. Whose month could this be but the mysterious Garbo's? The Greta day? The eighteenth.

1931	SEPTEMBER					1931
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
+	+	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	+	+	+
+	+	+	☾ 5	● 11	☽ 18	○ 26



1931		OCTOBER				1931
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

OCTOBER, the month of Hallowe'en and witches, October dancing over the hills, dressing sedate green trees in leaves of red, turning old pumpkins into glowing Jack-o-Lanterns. On October sixth came Janet Gaynor, child of genius, to bewitch the world.



NOVEMBER, wise, quiet November, a month of mellowness and the full richness of harvest, touched with a golden glow of romance that never leaves the imagination quite free again. On the fifteenth, Lewis Stone of the courtly manners, suavely represents it.

1931		NOVEMBER				1931
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

HURRELL

RICHEE

DECEMBER isn't a month but a mood—December dominated by Christmas day—holly and mistletoe, packages in red wrappings, gifts and the laughter of little children. December is all things to all hearts—like versatile, lovely, Ruth Chatterton, born on Christmas Eve.

1931 **DECEMBER** 1931

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
+	+	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	+	+
+	+	+				

Fredric is a Lion with the Public but among His Admiring Friends He's Affectionately Called

The MARCH LAMB

By

Radie Harris

FREDRIC MARCH is the easiest actor I have ever interviewed. I had to have luncheon with him six times before I could get a story. And is that easy, I ask you?

A painstaking exactness for the truth makes me admit that I am not always so EARNEST about my interviews—but Freddie, you see, happens to be my ten favorite actors.

If I liked nothing else about Fredric March, his grand sense of humor would be sufficient. It isn't Rabelaisian or even the least bit "Jack Oakie" but ranges from the gentle subtlety of P. G. Wodehouse to the sublime madness of the Four Marx Bros. He would have made a swell gag man for Louis the XIV. Instead, he regales his wife with four good laughs every morning before breakfast.

He never makes a noise like an actor. And certainly doesn't look like one. Were you to meet him, strolling up the Avenue, you might mistake him for a member of the Racquet and Tennis Club, but hardly for a "Lamb." He started his career as banker and still looks the part.

A biographical check-up of Freddie's "early life" reveals the following facts.

He was born in Racine, Wisconsin, August 31, 1897. He doesn't look a day older than 33.

His real name is Frederick Bickel, which, for obvious reasons he immediately changed to the family name of Marcher. Later, he abbreviated it to Fredric March to conserve on electrical bill expenses and because 12 is his lucky number. Everyone calls him Freddie except his wife . . . she calls him "Lambie."

Although he had always had a hankering for the stage, he never confessed it to anyone—not even his diary. Instead, he specialized in banking at the University of Wisconsin and won a scholarship to the National City Bank of New York. A few months' work assured him that he would much rather starve as an actor than grow fat as a bank president, so he resigned. No one tendered him a snappy farewell dinner.



Fredric March's a new kind of hero—a regular guy, who started his career as a banker and who still looks the part—even if he doesn't act it

Freddie claims it was swell experience. He knows the difference between real money and movie money now.

Registering at a casting agency, he was immediately sent to David Belasco in response to a call for extras in the stage production "Deburau." In the prologue, he "doubled" for Victor Hugo. In the second act, he was an old man with one line to speak, "the rope gave way." To this day, whenever Belasco meets him anywhere, he always hails him as "Old Rope Gave Way!"

Following a stock engagement at the Elitch Gardens in Denver—a red letter event in his life, for it was there he met lovely Florence Eldridge, the present Mrs. March—he went to Los Angeles to play the role of "Tony Cavendish" in the road company of "The Royal Family." Jesse Lasky was just one of the many producers who saw his performance and put in a bid for his services. Which explains why he is now a gentleman of "Paramount" importance.

Co-incidentally enough, Freddie has just completed a talkie version of "The Royal Family" at the Paramount New York studios. Having witnessed a great many of the scenes, I don't have to be a stage gazer to predict that when the picture is released, he will not only wrap it up and take it home but also clinch his rights to stardom.

Although he has been on the screen only a comparatively short time, he has had more leading ladies than Henry the VIII. . . . Bow, Brian, Moore, Chatterton, Harding, Astor, Colbert, Carroll, and Claire—blondes, brunettes and titians—beautiful, temperamental, charming, his personality is attune to them all. It is this ability to "get along" with people that has been such an asset to him in his professional life and has won for him the reputation of being a "swell guy!"

Just at present, Freddie is playing opposite Claudette Colbert again in a comedy-drama [*Continued on page* 65]



During the new year, water, women and words threaten Clara Bow-do-deo-do, the Brooklyn bonfire, born on the 29th of July



Saturn is unfriendly and there's a strange forecast for the men in Mary Pickford's life

WHAT *the*

A Famous Astrologist Surveys the 1931 Sky and Tells What Lies in Store for the Seven Great Stars whose Futures are Most in Doubt

THIS past year has been a good one for movie fans who like variety, but it certainly has played merry mike with the motion picture stars! Where once a galaxy of old favorites twinkled serenely, we have a Milky Way of luminaries that doesn't look the same from one month to the next. What does 1931 hold for them?

Seven stars in particular have been affected by the events of the last year—seven stars now great, yet whose fate hangs in the balance.

Which seven?

Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, John Gilbert, Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Will Mary Pickford's stubborn efforts to retrieve her public be successful?

Is Gloria Swanson going to win through to the happiness she deserves?

Is Clara Bow going to be able to hold the admiration of her fans in the face of the present adverse criticism?

What about John Gilbert, that gallant gentleman, to whom the microphone has been so unkind? Has he a chance to come back?

The fate of these four is pretty much in the balance just now.

As for Greta Garbo, she comes into everything, anyway. I wanted to know whether she has swept into the Movie Heavens to stay. Or is she just a comet . . . a brilliant visitor that bursts into vision clad in mysterious beauty . . . and departs as abruptly into obscurity?

And, finally, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Norma Shearer. Norma is off the screen just now playing mother to her young son, but she will return. Both she and Young Doug seem to have everything. Can such fortune possibly last? These were the things I wanted to know.

In New York there is a young astrologist, Mrs. Charles R. Wells, a beloved pupil of the internationally famous Evangeline Adams. Mrs. Wells makes the casting of a horoscope no spooky magic in a dimly-lit room reeking with incense. She approaches her profession with the same typically modern clear-sightedness and intelligent comprehension that has given us our successful movie stars. So I felt that she was particularly well fitted to give a sympathetic reading of them.

Stars Forecast *for the* Stars

By Dorothy Emerson



Now, Mrs. Wells is not especially a movie fan. To her, the great names I gave her were just names. She read their horoscopes with the same detachment that she would read my horoscope, or yours. I was curious to see what she would find, because I knew it would be a *personal* reading . . . a valuation of those actors and actresses as *people* . . . not as the famous folk they have become.

We first discussed John Gilbert. Jack's date is July 10th. I wondered why she chose him first, but when she had finished, I knew. His chart had shown her a strong personality, a man of courage and boundless endurance, a man born with great potentialities. But a man strangely dogged by Fate. The interesting thing about his horoscope, to an astrologist, is the way the man has risen above



Jack Gilbert, born on July 10th, is under the sway of two bad planets for next year. Except for one thing, the future looks dark



Marquis Henri is no swansong for Swanson, prophesies Mrs. Wells, above. Glorious Gloria's greatest love lies before her

Perhaps You can Learn Your Own Future through the Forecast for these Stars



Venus in Scorpio, the most intense of all signs for Garbo, the most intense of all stars. Read what it promises for her

the discouragements which would have given a weaker character every excuse to say . . . "I give up."

While I listened, I began to have a better understanding of why the Gilbert public has remained loyal to him. Fine artist that he is . . . he has had the worst possible luck in pictures this last year. One or two bad pictures with most actors and it's all over. But not for the Gilbert admirers. They seem to have sensed that quality of courage, of refusal to accept defeat . . . and they love him for it. When you meet a Gilbert fan, you meet a genuine enthusiast.

Jack's handsome, sensitive face came before me as Mrs. Wells spoke:

"John Gilbert certainly is not through. But he's going to need every bit of courage he's got, to get through this next year. He is in the darkest period of his whole career right now. Both of those hard-luck planets, Saturn and Uranus, are adverse to his whole chart and that means trouble, plenty of it. He should watch his financial affairs, contracts especially must have careful attention.

"He has his Venus in Mercury, which makes him critical towards affairs of the heart. He does not love lightly, and when he does love, it is with the passionate depths of his intense nature. Such men know love as it is not given to many men to know. But it also makes them peculiarly vulnerable to unhappiness. Jack must expect emotional upsets this year.

"In fact, this is just an all-around dismal time for him. Yet, from it, he will draw the experience, the hardening which is to take him on to bigger things later on. He is a real artist, wrapped up in his work. He has much to give pictures, we will hope they continue to hold him. He has a 'lucky chart,' with the potentialities which may well bring him back in a big way . . . whether in pictures or outside them. This bad phase is only temporary. Jack is too much Captain of his soul to bow under the 'bludgeonings of fate.' This man through? . . . Most certainly he is *not!*"

From Jack we turned to Gloria Swanson. Gloria was born March 27th. It looked to me as if Gloria had definitely emerged from her recent slump. Her film "The Trespasser" was not only a fine bit of work, but it was a box-office riot as well. And "What a Widow" pleased most of the fans.

Mrs. Wells confirmed this:

"That same mischief-making planet, Uranus, got in a little dirty work on Gloria, too, but it has moved on to better aspects now. Gloria's Sun and her Mercury are in Aries. That means that she has both the persistency and courage to dig herself out of unfavorable situations. Gloria uses her *head*. It's that mental quality [*Continued on page* 60]



Young Doug Fairbanks, a December ninth lad, under the happy, lucky sign of Sagittarius — yet there's danger ahead



Norma Shearer, child of the Sun, has everything, and will have still more since the very stars are fighting for her



Young-Man-About-Hollywood

By

JIMMY STARR

HELLO, folks—well, here we are in the land of watered-milk and honeys.

* * *

Arthur Caesar, Hollywood's homeliest scenario writer, spent several days on the Y-Lightning Ranch in Arizona.

The real western cowboys are still trying to figure out Arthur's whoopee yell in Jewish dialect.

Arthur also tried to lasso a steer, but lost the rope. The steer ate it.

* * *



Some intoxicated cinema youths drove their car through one of the miniature golf courses the other night, causing considerable damage.

Ah, a hole in one.

* * *

Al Boasberg, a big funny man of Heart Break Town, says one studio features the double credit system in the scenario department—one writer and one relative.

* * *

I'm sorry I said Lew Cody's fox terrier had chow puppies.

They were collies.

* * *

No wonder the producers had to turn to the wide film.

So many actors have the big-head.

* * *

Efe Asher, associate producer at Universal, recently broke his ankle.

He probably kicked a supervisor in the heart.

* * *

This month's funniest gesture:

Alice White attending the opera.

* * *

The Mayfair Club, cinemaland's most exclusive social center, will probably be a flop this year.

Not one fight between a director and writer—such as the Embassy, rival social club, had between Ernst Lubitsch and Hans Kraly on opening night.

* * *

One of my readers writes in and asks why Al Jolson makes pictures like "Big Boy."

All right, I'll bite—why?

* * *

No doubt "Farewell to Arms" as a motion picture will have a scene of Venus de Milo.

* * *

A new picture was previewed, and immediately after the showing the director became quite hysterical.

The operator had neglected to show the fifth reel—but no one noticed the difference, so the studio officials decided to leave it out.

That's great direction!

* * *

Business is so bad in Hollywood the stores are not allowed to sell more than four feet of rope to any one person.

* * *

Hedda Hopper was being shown a new home in Beverly Hills. The boudoir was the pride and joy of the owner, who pointed out the unusually large bed.

"How do you like the Bed?" inquired the host.

"Bed?" questioned Hedda, noting the size. "That's not a bed—it's a battleground!"

* * *

Any man who actually enjoys himself in a Tuxedo is more than eligible for society.

* * *

Cinema bootleggers are now running on a par with Wall Street brokers.

With every drink they give you a seat on the curb.

* * *

The Hollywood banks are thinking of printing checks on hard rubber so they won't bounce so high.



Most stars last for five years. Dick Barthelmess has lasted for thirteen and today his latest picture, "Dawn Patrol", is the biggest hit of the year

The Greatest Star *in* Hollywood

Richard Barthelmess' Best Friend Explains Dick's Extraordinary Thirteen-year Success

By Joseph Henry Steele

THIRTEEN years ago a young actor of twenty-two turned down an offer of $4,000 a week and accepted a job at $500.

He was not a famous star. He was on the threshold of his life and career. He needed money. Yet he declined a salary that would even today fever the brains of old-line stars.

That young man was Richard Semler Barthelmess, familiar throughout the world for unfathomable eyes and a crooked smile. At twenty-two he decided that it meant more to his future—and he took that future very, very seriously—to get a two-year contract with David Wark Griffith and get the invaluable training that maestro could give him, than to take the immediate though short-lived, big salary of $4,000 a week as Hope Hampton's leading man.

The fact that Barthelmess stands today at the height of his career indicates that his decision thirteen years ago might have had some sense to it. And that attitude has dictated his career ever since.

Now Dick proves, as conclusively as anyone in the world, that success really is no secret. When you examine it closely you begin to find the reason.

Mighty few are the actors—and when I say actors I use it inclusively, taking in actresses—who, having achieved some eminence, manage to maintain their position. Mighty few are the actors who achieve any eminence by their own plan or aim.

An actor is an idol and a symbol, partly created by his public, but chiefly wrought by the actor himself. Even a decent profile doesn't mean anything any more. For proof there are Jannings, Bancroft and the like.

They strut their meagre hours upon the stage and then are heard no more. Like the wind they come and like the wind they go!

But Dick has withstood the blinding glare of the spotlight for thirteen years and lost not one figurative candlepower. Thirteen years ago he made "Broken Blossoms," ten years ago "Tol'able David," four years ago "The Patent-Leather Kid" and recently "The Dawn Patrol." And his star has steadily brightened rather than diminished.

That first job he took at $500 a week was in competition, too. Against him he had the sanctified Rodolpho with the real prize the rôle of the dreaming Chinaman in "Broken Blossoms." What might have happened to screen history if Valentino had got that part no one can possibly say.

Thirteen years of success—and today this Barthelmess has his feet set squarely at the top of a business that rates as the most precarious in the world. While he has been at the top, fortunes have been made and lost; reputations have dazzled and faded; companies have changed names and personalities; stars (*Continued on page* 59)



Looks, Lyrics and Legs

That's what Leading Ladies (like beautiful Jeanette MacDonald) are made of

By Margaret Reid

JEANETTE MACDONALD ordered a vegetable plate luncheon.

"Not a vegetarian, however," she said. "Just the proud possessor of a stomach with nerves. That's certainly a romantic little item for My Public."

The delectable queen of "The Love Parade" and the countess of "Monte Carlo" was the prettiest woman in the Hotel Ambassador's Spanish Room—a very pretty woman with a determined chin.

"Yes, I do like my own way," she explained, "but I seldom get it—at the studio, anyhow. So when I get it at home, I take advantage of it."

"Monte Carlo" is, quite logically, her favorite picture to date. Yet she wants to do drama.

"Just for a couple of pictures, I'd like to give up subtlety and wring some hearts. I'm ever so slightly tired of playing parts starting on top of the world—with a title and a bad disposition. I'm human enough to want a part where I struggle and struggle, so people will sympathize with me."

Such a rash departure for a lady already proven a comedienne is difficult. Jeanette is quite aware of this, but not worried.

"I've been marvellously lucky. The right things have happened at just the right time. Some indulgent fate, or whatever you want to call it, seems to have looked after my interests from the very first."

The "very first" was in Philadelphia, her birthplace. Her ancestry covers thoroughly the British Isles, producing in her a mixture of English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh.

"With just enough Dutch blood in me to explain my murder of the King's English when I get excited," Jeanette said. "There's a little bit of Dutch in almost every good Philadelphian, and you never can be sure that an 'already yet' won't escape you in moments of stress."

Of good, sturdy Presbyterian stock, it was the church that brought Jeanette into the theatre.

"When I was three, I sang the 'Glory Song' at the Sunday School Bazaar. That was my debut."

When she was three and a half, her sister was taking dancing lessons. On one afternoon, there was no one with whom to leave Jeanette, the baby. So Mrs. MacDonald took her along when she accompanied Blossom to dancing school.

Jeanette, who must have been one of those taffy-haired, blue-eyed, pink-and-white confections [*Continued on page* 62]

More Movie

[Continued



Chidnoff

The answer to what's become of Sally. The cute Miss Phipps is now on Broadway playing a baby star in the burlesque on Hollywood called "Once in a Lifetime". Sally had no stage experience but the managers after one look hired her regardless. And Sally wowed them



P. & A.

Two little actresses playing themselves—Joan Bennett and Bessie Love at the first winter dance of the Mayfair Club which yearly marks the beginning of Hollywood's social season. Blonde Joan's smart tiered dress is of purple velvet while the little Love wears white satin

MARSHALL NEILAN is being sued by Pat Powers, former partner of the director, for $11,881 on a personal note.

Mickey hasn't worked much during the past year, and it's rather doubtful if he has assets to that amount.

* * *

Anything can happen in cinemaland.

Studios often report small losses—lamps and other articles are stolen from sets—but the officials of the Tec-Art Studios really became quite excited when they learned a piano had been taken from the lot.

The burglars probably had an ear for music.

* * *

ALL the racket men aren't in Chicago.

A lad, posing as a famous jockey, took plenty of dough away from some of the wise film folk by pulling the oldest race-track racket in the world.

Alberca Vaughn went for plenty of jack, while Jack Oakie was tipped off in time and is still off the sucker list. The phoney jockey claimed to have certain races fixed and let his clients win the first time, but always got them on the comeback.

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon, Hollywood's newest newlyweds, have just about given up the thought of ever having any pets. At least, they're terribly disgusted with the idea.

A pet pooch developed rabies and had to be killed, and Bebe's maid was bitten by a kitten.

The whole household was in an uproar for a week.

* * *

PETER the Hermit, one of Hollywood's strange characters who wander around the boulevard, played the star rôle in "What The Well Dressed Hermit Shouldn't Wear" the other day.

A couple of cops spied Peter in his scanty, health wardrobe and ran him in. Peter has promised not to shock the modest denizens of the film village in the future.

Town Topics

from page 11]



P. & A.

Gloria Swanson appeared at the Mayfair Club dance on the arm of a Mr. J. R. T. Ryan, whose other name is not the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. But lookit the look Gloria's giving this Ryan gent and remember she's just filed suit for divorce. Now do you suppose . . .

JESS WILLARD, former world's heavyweight champion, who has been quite successful in Hollywood real estate, has opened one of the most elaborate meat markets on the Coast.

His patrons include many of the screen luminaries. It's quite fancy.

* * *

OSCAR STRAUSS, famous composer, has a big mad on at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

It seems the studio failed to make a full payment on Oscar's contract. Thus a law suit for $7000.

* * *

FRANK ALBERTSON'S heart is all a-flutter over pretty Virginia Shelley, baby-voiced dancer at the United Artists Studio.



P. & A.

Welcome, stranger. After two years abroad Anna May Wong comes back—but only to America, not Hollywood. Anna May, playing on the London stage, made such a hit Broadway cabled her and she's come back to supply the seductive, Oriental note in a big New York production

Social notes from the exclusive Mayfair dances. . . .

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who usually occupy the royal chairs of King and Queen of the occasion, were not present. . . . Madame le Marquise de Coudray (Gloria Swanson) reigned instead. . . . Glorious Gloria's hubby, Monsieur le Marquis Henri, frolicked about with lovely Constance Bennett . . . he smothered her with orchids and attentions. . . . Charlie Chaplin had Marion Davies . . . who was quite nonchalant the whole evening. . . . Winnie Sheehan planted Lois Moran on his arm for the royal affair. . . . Bill Haines did funny dances with Bebe Daniels. . . .

* * *

GILDA GREY, who started a feminine movement all her own, and divorced wife of Gil Boag, producer, is in Hollywood on a vacation—and she's having a couple of romances on the side.

One is H. H. Van Loan, scenarist and playwright, who is having marital difficulties. He's a onetime pal of Marjorie Rambeau.

Number Two is Arthur Letts, Jr., department store owner with a very large bank account. [*Continued on page 56*]



"Such Scenes Are Dangerous." It was in filming a shot like this that Director Kenneth Hawks and nine other men plunged to their fiery deaths

The PRICE *of* REALISM— HUMAN LIFE

DEATH! Grim, icy-fingered, relentless.

To some it comes on the field of battle—a hero's farewell. For others the final chapter is written in the annals of progress—the march of industry. A mine caves in and takes its toll of human life—a railroad spans an empire and exacts its tribute in broken lives. Heroes all! And a nation pays them homage.

Yet there are others, gallant, unsung heroes, who write the story of their heroism in their life's blood. The valorous men and women who risk their lives for the shadowy seconds which bring you thrills—daredevils of the silver screen.

Almost every picture of more than average scope has its tale of bravery and daring on the part of those who helped in its creation. The producers do not wish this and do all they can to guard against it. They are not to be blamed. Epics of the war and of the air, of the cattle country, of the frozen north—to film them requires hundreds of extras, droves of horses and cattle, tons of dynamite, thousands of blank cartridges, squadrons of airplanes. It is inevitable that human lives are sacrificed in the mammoth achievements.

The story has been told of the lives lost during the making of "Noah's Ark"—of the frightful plane crash that sent ten men plunging to oblivion during the filming of "Such Men Are Dangerous" (it was in this accident that Kenneth Hawks, husband of Mary Astor, lost his life). Everyone knows by now that $4,000,000 was not the sole cost of "Hell's Angels." Several of Mr. Hughes' airplanes were piloted by Death!



The explosions in "The Painted Desert" were carefully planned and every care was taken by the producers to remove the element of danger. Yet, things went wrong—two men lost their lives

Despite precautions of producers, the unknown Hero-Extras of Hollywood gamble with danger—and lose!

By Allan Jordan

During the last few months three new epics of the screen have made this fatal accounting: seven men killed and over a hundred hurt in accidents or stricken by illness in the course of their work before the cameras. Remember, this covers only three pictures, out of the dozens that were being made during that period. There may have been—and undoubtedly were—other casualties.

Two of the deaths mentioned above occurred during the production of "The Painted Desert," a mining story recently screened by Pathe. The director, Howard Higgin, the star, Bill Boyd, and a troupe of extras, cameramen, prop boys and technicians were sent into the magnificent Painted Desert country to get authentic backgrounds. The big scene of the entire picture was the blowing-up of a mine. Two tons of dynamite were planted in the top of a hill and it was planned to set off the dangerous explosive in five charges.

But only three of those charges went off—for with the third charge, all hell broke loose on the Painted Desert. Someone had underestimated the force of the charge—an entire hilltop went crashing through space—and two men, a sound technician and a truck driver were blown into eternity. A third, the operator of the controls, was badly injured. Forty others, among them the director, suffered injuries ranging from slight cuts and bruises to severe wounds.

In the midst of the chaos that followed, it was discovered that there was no doctor near. One had been brought from Hollywood with the company, but, in true motion picture fashion, had departed before the day of the hazardous scene.

"Fighting Caravans" had its death-list, too. Five lives on the red side of the ledger.

A unit including Gary Cooper, Lily Damita, and three hundred extras was sent into the mountains above Sonora Pass. The troupe pitched camp at a "jumping-off" place called Dardanelles, an altitude of six thousand feet. There were a few shacks for the stars and featured players, but most of the company was quartered in tents. It was only October and no snow was anticipated.

But a freak blizzard [*Continued on page* 62]



Three men lost their lives during production of "Hell's Angels", Howard Hughes' $4,000,000 air spectacle. One was killed during actual execution of a hazardous bomber-crash, the other two in transporting planes from one location to another



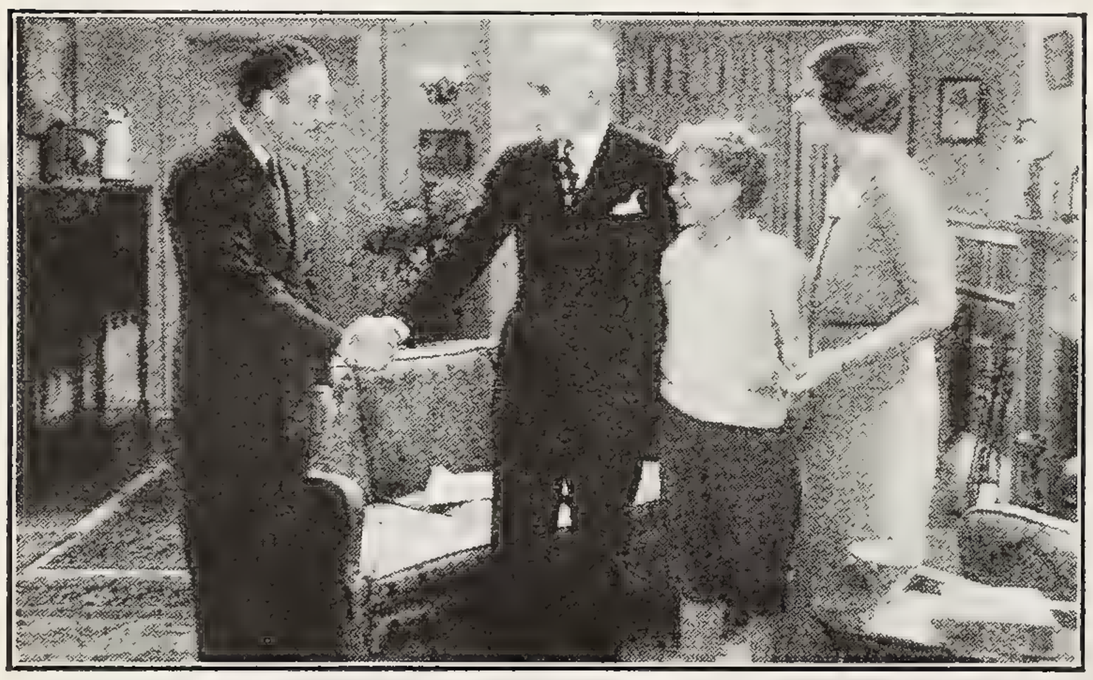
One false move, such as catching their heels in a tie, and Jean Arthur and Robert Armstrong would never have finished "Danger Lights," the RKO epic of railroad building

Silver Screen's



ALONG CAME YOUTH
Paramount
Rating: GOOD

Once again Stuart Erwin, dumb-looking comic, proves himself a star, stealing "Along Came Youth" from such a favorite as Buddy Rogers. Stuart, as a near-sighted horse-trainer, lands in Europe with his penniless master, Buddy. Buddy, as an ordinary chef, is taken to be the owner of a large estate. Along comes a swell girl—Frances Dee—and you know the rest. Good fun.



FATHER'S SON
First National
Rating: GOOD

"Father's Son" is a decidedly different picture—and it has been done intelligently; with much understanding on the part of the director and players. A small boy is misunderstood by his father, and eventually causes a breach between his father and mother. But it is through the same little boy's reasoning-out of the situation that they are reunited. Lewis Stone and Irene Rich are the parents, Leon Janney, the boy.



SEE AMERICA THIRST
Universal
Rating: GOOD

Baby-Faced Harry Langdon and Sad-Faced Slim Summerville put on their best burlesque manner and make fun of the Chicago racketeers and their gang wars. The picture is without an ounce of reason, but it's continuously funny. Goofy gags, wise-cracks—all crazy, but hilarious, nevertheless. Bessie Love, Mitchell Lewis, Matthew Betz, Stanley Fields, make up the excellent supporting cast.



MIN and BILL
M.-G.-M.
Rating: SPLENDID

"Min and Bill" is a dramatic yarn of a self-sacrificing wharf rat's mother-love for a nameless waif whom she loves enough to kill for—and also the love of another derelict for her. Into this heavy stuff come many moments of grand comedy supplied by those grand performers, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. Marie Dressler is marvelous. So is Beery and the whole cast. See this.



TOM SAWYER
Paramount
Rating: EXCELLENT

Oh, what a swell picture this is! For the kids and all the grown-ups. "Tom Sawyer" is so human, so natural. All the humor of Mark Twain's book is present—whimsical ideas and all those lovely, thrilling things that happen to kids, living adventure with their own ideas on romance. Jackie Coogan is better than ever. Junior Durkin, Mitzi Green and the whole cast contribute splendid performances.

Reviewing Stand



INDISCRETION
United Artists
Rating: GOOD

Movie fans will have a new star to rave over after they see "Indiscretion", Evelyn Laye, English musical comedy luminary, who here makes her American debut. A trite plot—that of the little flower girl in the rough cabaret who is purer than suspected—is redeemed by the bright dialogue and refreshing performances of Leon Errol, John Boles and the lovely Miss Laye. There are some catchy tunes for you to hum.



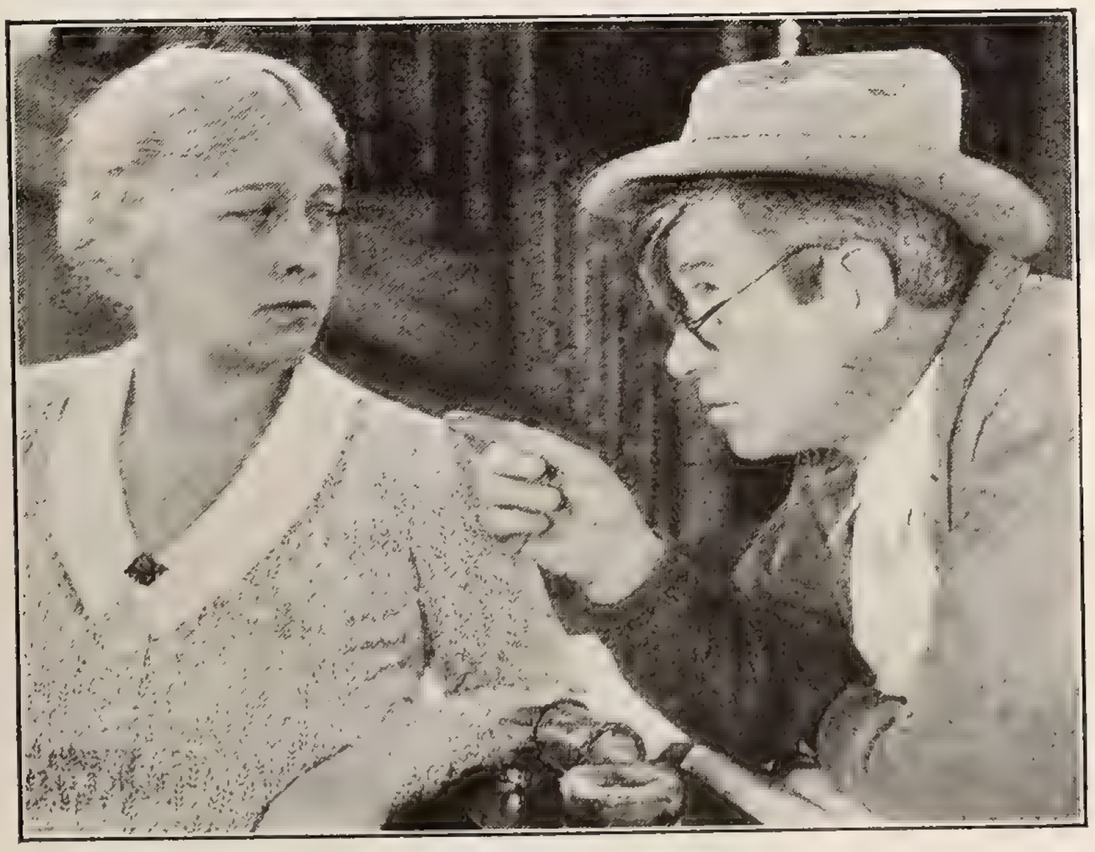
A LADY'S MORALS
M.-G.-M.
Rating: EXCELLENT

There have been few really worthwhile musical films. This is one. It is a beautiful piece of work. Charming romance, combined with the lovely voice of Grace Moore, opera star, who really can act as well as sing magnificently. The story concerns the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, her world fame, and her simple love for a poor composer. Wallace Beery and Reginald Denny supply the comedy.



TOO YOUNG TO MARRY
First National
Rating: GOOD

An amusing, homey little story about a hen-pecked father, who fosters his little daughter's romance so that she may have the happiness he has lost. It is done with laughter and a wealth of sympathy and beautifully played. Loretta Young and Grant Withers (Mr. and Mrs. in real life) are the lovers, while O. P. Heggie is outstanding as the father. Quiet entertainment but worth-while.



LIGHTNIN'
Fox
Rating: EXCELLENT

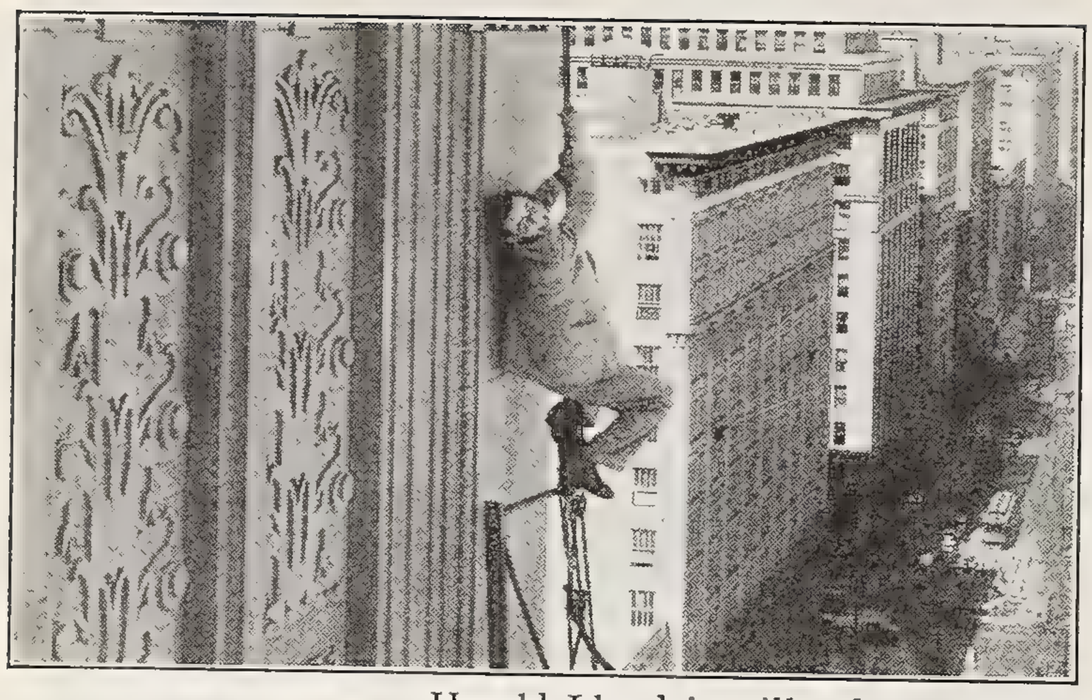
Mark up another hit for Will Rogers, America's supreme humorist. "Lightnin" easily wins its right to be called excellent. All the whimsical charm that Frank Bacon gave the stage show has been preserved, added to by Will Rogers. He makes you laugh and weep at the story of the lovable ne'er-do-well, Lightnin' Bill, who saves his own marriage as well as several others. The whole cast is grand, too.



THE LIFE OF THE PARTY
Warner's
Rating: GOOD

Winnie Lightner is a grand clown. Anything goes with her, and that's just the kind of a story she has here in this wild yarn about two little gold diggers and how they work. She works hard and puts over her especial brand of personality in grand fashion. All Technicolor this. A new clown, Charles Butterworth, is extemely funny and Irene Delroy makes a pretty heroine.

SILVER SCREEN'S



FEET FIRST
Paramount
Rating: FAIR

Harold Lloyd is still a funny man in talkies, but he is not the consistent comic of the silents. "Feet First", the story of a struggling shoe clerk, who takes a personality course and gets in complications, including love, is largely an audible version of "Safety Last" with the exciting thrills pepped up, yet on the whole, the picture is pretty mild fun. Barbara Kent makes a charming heroine. Wise-cracks aren't right for Harold.



LAUGHTER
Paramount
Rating: EXCELLENT

This might have been just another picture but fine acting, brilliant dialogue and clever direction have turned it into one of those lovely, romantic films you can't forget. Nancy Carroll plays a chorus girl who marries for money and then finds she can't do without laughter. Fredric March is the young lover and he almost steals the production despite Nancy's vivid performance.



WAR NURSE
M.-G.-M.
Rating: FAIR

With a great story showing the woman's side of the war and a great cast headed by Robert Montgomery, Anita Page, Robert Ames and June Walker, something glorious should have emerged from "War Nurse." Instead there is too much plot and too much movie suffering which can probably be blamed on bad direction. What value this has comes from the sincere acting of the cast.



DERELICT
Paramount
Rating: GOOD

You'll probably like "Derelict" because it's terribly thrilling in a different locale. There are some marvelous ship scenes and an exciting collision. And, of course, there are villains sneering revenge on a sweet young thing who must be saved by the hero. George Bancroft gives a different performance, that of a man who displays great moral courage, and Jessie Royce Landis, a new leading lady, is clever.



DU BARRY
United Artists
Rating: FAIR

As the little milliner who became a monarch's mistress, but lost her life for love, Norma Talmadge gives us a vivid DuBarry. But she lacks the subtle wickedness one has come to associate with the role. William Farnum is handsome as Louis XV, but Conrad Nagel's portrayal of DuBarry's lover is too stolid. Settings of glamourous beauty help to make this interesting.



BROTHERS
Columbia
Rating: POOR

A dual role in the talkies is still a novelty, but there is no legitimate excuse for slowness and lack of spontaneity. That's what is wrong with "Brothers." The story shows the effect of environment on two brothers—one brought up in wealth, the other in poverty—the one good, the other bad, who fall in love with the same girl. Bert Lytell does his best to put it over.

REVIEWING STAND



SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE
Columbia-RKO
Rating: FAIR

Alice White as a bath-tub demonstrator is a good enough idea for a farce—to say nothing about demonstrating Alice's It. "Sweethearts on Parade", suggested by the song of that title, is a rather nonchalant mixture of working gals, sailors, Marines and a wealthy villain, with some vigorous fistic battles, some comedy by Marie Prevost, hip-wiggling by Miss White and nice hero work by Lloyd Hughes.



THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST
First National
Rating: GOOD

You can't stop a fine actress. Ann Harding, usually the sensitive sophisticate, here turns in a fine performance of a primitive girl of early America. The story is wildest melodrama—the tale of the girl saloon-keeper who falls in love with a highwayman, fights with the sheriff over his life, and eventually wins. But Ann and James Rennie make it worth seeing especially for "Western" fans.



THE CAT CREEPS
Universal
Rating: POOR.

"The Cat Creeps" was a much better mystery-thriller in the silent days as "The Cat and the Canary." The story still remains the sinister one of a girl nearly frightened into insanity by scheming adventurers. A good cast—Helen Twelvetrees, Neil Hamilton, Raymond Hackett, Lilyan Tashman, Jean Hersholt and Blanche Frederici—is wasted. "The Cat Creeps" into a very sad affair.



ADIOS
First National
Rating: FAIR.

This is the same old Spanish-California story—the bandit-hero robs the rich to give to the poor. Richard Barthelmess, however, does add some glamour to such a role because he is a sincere and earnest actor. There happens to be a very thrilling cattle stampede which provides the exciting moments and Mary Astor adds another good performance to her already long list. But Dick Barthelmess deserves better material.



VIRTUOUS SIN
Paramount
Rating: GOOD

The story of a young wife's struggle to win over a stern Russian general, who has commanded that her husband be shot, by vamping him. Fate plays against her and she falls in love with her intended victim. These are the splendid situations of "The Virtuous Sin" weakened by inferior handling, but Kay Francis plays the wife, and Walter Huston, the general, which helps.



EXTRAVAGANCE
Tiffany
Rating: GOOD

One of those domestic things, definitely feminine with many moments which will hit home at young wives and husbands. The theme is ancient —a woman's love for clothes and the husband who doesn't earn enough money. Ah, don't forget the wealthy villain-about-town. He's there, yes sir! Jameson Thomas, English actor, makes his debut and June Collyer and Lloyd Hughes do nicely.

$500

FOR FIVE WORDS



This puzzling Young person is lovely Loretta engaged in a slogan hunt for SILVER SCREEN. "I wonder," muses Loretta, "if I could call it 'My Playtime Passion' and get those five hundred smackers?"

A Contest for Everybody

LAST month SILVER SCREEN started its big Slogan Contest.

Five hundred dollars for five little words, or four, or less.

The slogans are pouring in. What about yours?

What does SILVER SCREEN mean to you? How would you describe it? What slogan would you use?

SCREENLAND'S slogan is "America's Smart Screen Magazine."

We need something like that to describe us.

What's the slogan for SILVER SCREEN?

We want a slogan that will express the spirit of our magazine, which is the spirit of Hollywood, too. Words that will epitomize the gay impudence, scintillating brilliance, real intelligence and youthful romance that is the motion picture industry. That's what we want to express.

This is your magazine and it's up to you to choose a subtitle for it. Make it short, snappy and different.

Remember, five hundred dollars for five words or less!

RULES OF CONTEST

1. There will be a prize of $500 for the slogan selected.

2. In case the winning slogan has been submitted by more than one contestant, the full award will be given to each person.

3. Slogan must not be over five words, but can be less.

4. The judges will be a committee of members of SILVER SCREEN'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit slogans. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

5. Contest closes on midnight of January 10th. SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for manuscripts submitted, but the editors will be very glad to answer any questions regarding the contest.

6. Send your slogans to "Slogan Editor," SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th St., New York City.

Laura La Plante

Presents

An Ideal Winter Wardrobe for the Smart and Thrifty Girl



FASHIONS PHOTOGRAPHED
EXCLUSIVELY FOR
SILVER SCREEN
BY REBELE STUDIO

Laura selects for her very dressed-up dates, this darling black velvet suit, a bit expensive but good for ages. In three pieces, it has a white wool lace blouse and is trimmed with pure white, shaved lapin, with a cute beret and scarf to match. Complete, $135.00.

Would You Like Copies of Laura's

Just write Louise Bonney, SILVER SCREEN'S Fashion Editor, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



If a dash of wickedness is news in sports clothes, this deserves a front page. Chanel jersey in black, green, red or blue, the two-piece dress has a Peter Pannish air in its pique collar and cuffs. The pert hat with dashing feather comes in the same shades. Dress, $55.00. Hat, $17.50.



Now that the mode is to be devastatingly feminine again, Laura wears this romantic white satin evening gown with its coy little cap sleeves and very long skirt. Or you can have it in pastel shades, $39.50.



A demure coat in a dashing color, hunter's green, with stunning nutria collar and cuffs and very chic belt. The beret is of striped soliel, very smart for all seasons. Coat $98.50. Hat $15.00.

Costumes as Shown on These Pages?

Or, if you merely want advice on how to dress more smartly, what colors to wear, or any other fashion problem, Miss Bonney will be glad to help you.





Oh, what a difference between this and most black and white dinner dresses! You may wear it late afternoons or evenings, if you like. Of soft black ninon with flattering white yoke and white fur trimming. $75.00.



If you want to be nonchalant, don this nubby tweed coat in brown, yellow and white mixture with its gay, wrap-around collar and very trick cuffs. Good for several winters, price $79.50. All costumes courtesy Best & Co.

Just a front view of the hat on the opposite page and a cute view of charming Laura.



CINDERELLA story, male version. Roy Radabaugh, a talented but obscure young art student, wandered unknown into Hollywood. Columbia, hunting a "Tol'able David," saw him, changed his name to Richard Cromwell and handed him the leading role.



THE only thing Paramount could discover that could say "neigh" to Lily Damita was a horse, so they cast the flower of France in "Fighting Caravans," a Western full of four-footed stars and one six-foot one, Gary Cooper. They expect a real box-office stampede.



AS slumbrous and mysterious as the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, the brunette Evelyn Brent pursues her independent way, playing only parts that please her. You'll see her next as "The Madonna of the Streets" for Columbia Pictures.



A LASS of a different coloring, the platinum blonde Miriam Hopkins leapt from Broadway to Astoria to be the best of "The Best People" for Paramount. She's a different young thing, this Hopkins gal, and her debut is worth the watching.



"SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY" and there seems to be quite a celebration when beautiful Constance Bennett and debonair Kenneth McKenna fall deep in the arms of love and Pathe.

Is HE *the* Second Chaney?

HIS NAME is Bela Lugosi.

Like the beloved Lon, he is a man of mystery and a master of make-up.

He is working in movies at Universal, where Lon Chaney worked, being directed by Tod Browning, the man who directed nearly all of Lon's greatest pictures.

His great rôle, "Dracula," is that of an "undead" vampire who lives on the blood of humans, a part, that had he lived, would inevitably have gone to Chaney.

Lugosi, when first approached to make a picture of "Dracula"—he had played it on the stage—refused. Tests of other players were made. No one could be discovered who could effectively portray this supernatural character. Finally Lugosi signed for four weeks.

Before the cameras, he completed his work in one day. Again like Lon—an artist who knows his job and does it quietly and quickly.

Only in appearance does he differ. He is six feet one in height, with the dreamy, strange face of a mystic. His deep-set eyes have a peculiar fascinating quality.

Lon is gone but his art lives after him. May Lugosi be worthy of following in the path he made so thoroughly his own.

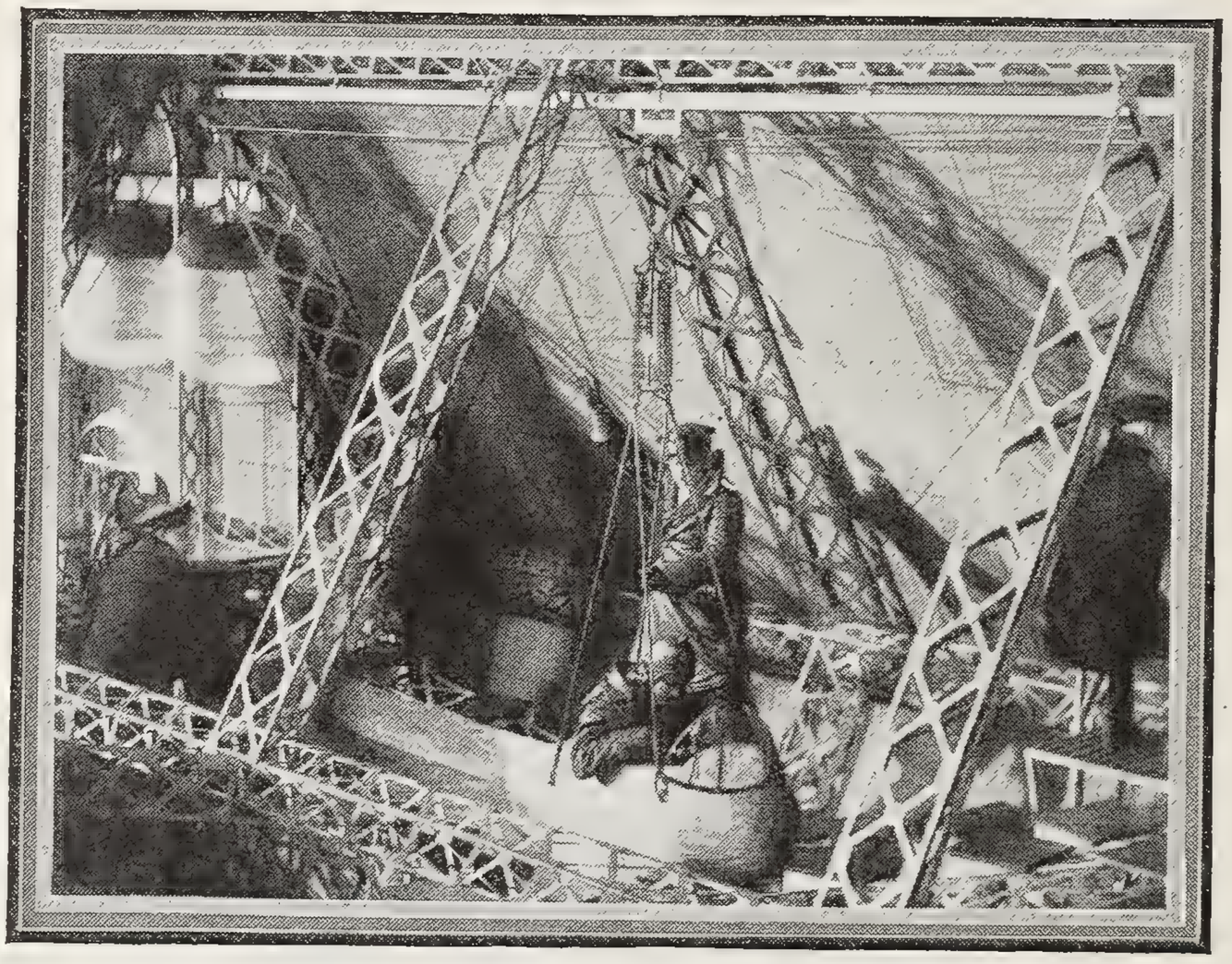
A mysterious figure, a great actor, will this man replace Lon?

HELL'S

"Outstrips anything that has

"The talkies' first great spectacle!"—Motion Picture Magazine

"Deserves to be witnessed and applauded in



A dramatic scene during the now-historical Zeppelin sequence of "Hell's Angels"

NEW YORK TELEGRAM: **"Howard Hughes has produced an aviation spectacle the like of which has not previously been seen on the screen ... breath-taking and thrilling beyond description."**

BOSTON POST: **"It is a masterly achievement, the greatest spectacle the screen has yet seen. All other air-films would be anti-climaxes. You will be enthralled by the magnificent photography and held spell-bound by the sensational stunts of the flying circus."**

LOS ANGELES EXPRESS: **"An achievement in picture drama that will stand for a long time to come as a model to aim at in the realm of spectacle."**

ANGELS

come before!" —Detroit Times

"Surpasses anything else that has been done!" —New York Evening Post

every picture-house in the world" —Theatre Magazine

CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL-TRIBUNE: **"Iron nerves went to smash and strong hearts become of no use at all during the Cincinnati screening of 'Hell's Angels'. More power to Howard Hughes, who directed the picture and who spent millions of dollars in making this amazing epic of the air."**



Actual scene from "Hell's Angels" showing giant Zeppelin featured in the picture

DETROIT NEWS: **"All aerial accomplishments of past movies fade away by comparison with 'Hell's Angels'. Everyone who sat and stood three deep in the rear of the house got the thrill of his and her movie life-time."**

SEATTLE STAR: **"A production which can never be duplicated. Stands alone as the greatest of air pictures."**

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC: **"The most stupendous thing of its kind ever filmed. Tops them all."**

ASK ME ANOTHER

By

Sally Forth

The chatterer of Hollywood, Sally Forth, will be glad to answer any questions you have about movies or stars or both. Write Sally at Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

ELLEN: Another Lew Ayres booster! The lad certainly gets the girls. He is twenty-two years old and is five feet nine inches tall. You can see him now in "East is West" and "The Doorway to Hell", neither of which is so hot, or you can wait until his next picture, which will be "Mississippi."

As for girl friends, Lew plays the field.

Now aren't you curious, wanting to know all of Nancy Carroll's beauty secrets? Her hair isn't really curly but it has a soft wave which lends itself to finger waving. At present she's letting it grow and it's just shoulder length. That's the most popular length nowadays.

SERAFINA NERVA: Why, I think your writing's swell, Serafina. And the only thing about your questions is that I promised Nancy Carroll I wouldn't tell all the things I know. However, Nancy's real name is Nancy La Hiff, and shure and she's Irish, mum. She's been married about seven years and has a darling little girl five years old named Patricia. The Catholic Church finds Nancy at mass regularly, but as to her age, why Serafina, don't you know you must never ask a lady how old she is?

Nancy's pictures with Buddy Rogers have been "Abie's Irish Rose", "Close Harmony", "Illusion", and "Follow Thru".

As to Buddy, he's American and proud of it and he's twenty-five years old.

Getting down to little Janet Gaynor, her real name is Laura Gaynor and she was born in Philadelphia—which makes her American, too, doesn't it?

And you know how girls are about printing the size of their shoes. Both Nancy and Janet made me promise not to tell, but I'd guess at their wearing about threes. But I won't even guess publicly about the size I wear.

PANSY: I'm so glad you like our new magazine. I like it, too!

To obtain a picture of Lowell Sherman, just write to RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, and enclose a quarter.

MARIAN WEIGEL: Yes, the Montgomery lad played opposite Joan Crawford in "Untamed". And he was swell, wasn't he? Every woman in Hollywood is twittering over him—me included.

Joan Crawford, Sue Carol, Anita Page and Mary Brian have secretaries, but I don't know them. I'm that important I just talk to the players themselves.

As to the glamourous Garbo, she's still heart-whole and keeping quiet.

Marilyn "Sunny" Miller has had two flings at matrimony. First with Frank Carter, a dancer, 'way back in the dim, dark ages, and second with Jack Pickford, who recently married Mary Mulhern. Marilyn, though, has gotten no further than the engagement stage with anyone else. At present she's appearing on Broadway in "Smiles", Ziegfeld's new show. And is she knocking New York for the well-known loop?

NELL AND EV: And why do you want to know if Buddy Rogers typewrites? Were you thinking of hiring him for your secretary? Well, Buddy has a little portable typewriter which he operates on the hunt-and-peck system. But don't offer him a job—he's got a good one.

His next picture, "Along Came Youth", is being made on the West Coast. Too bad, too bad, the East doesn't get a break.

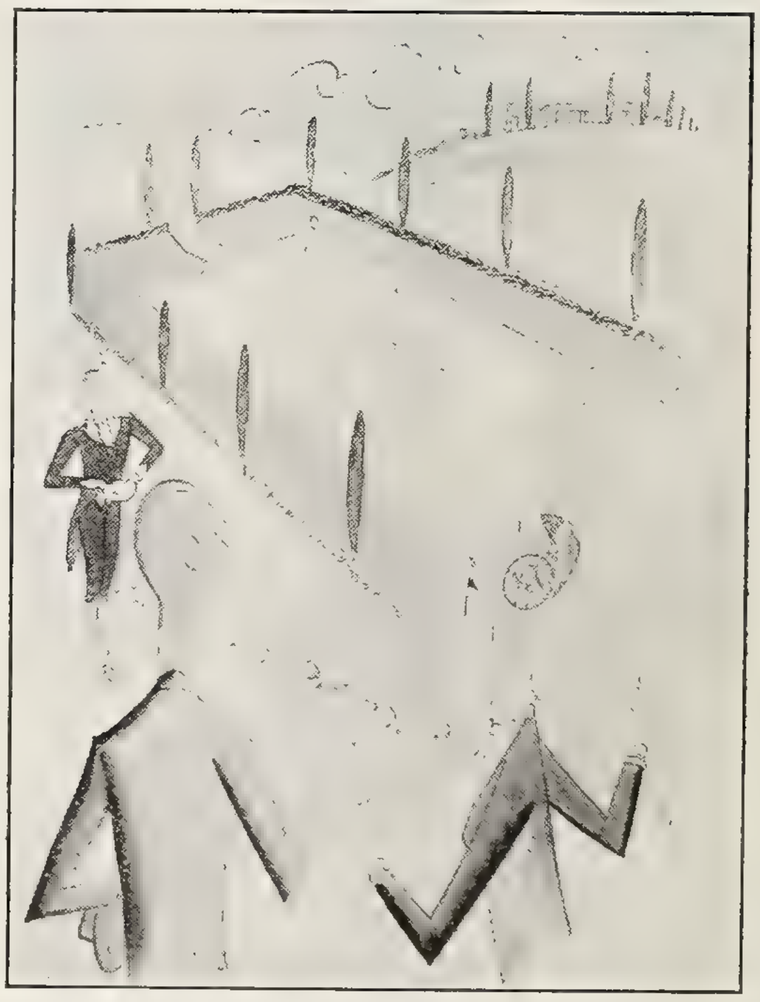
I'm sorry I can't give you his home address—I'm not allowed!

FRIEND ANTHONY: Whotta question, whotta question!

So you want to get in pictures. You and fifty million others. Well, here's the first bit of advice—graduate from High School, then go on to college if you can, and by that time you'll probably be so wise you'll laugh at acting as a career.

Then, write me again and I'll tell you how to crash the gates—that is, the outer gates at the Sante Fe Station.

JULIET: Don't believe all you hear about love in Hollywood. Lots and lots of couples have found a very real happiness there. Look at



Interviewer: "And this, I suppose is your Roman plunge?"

Star: "Dear me no—That's just the horse trough."

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe. Look at—oh, well, name them yourself.

Grace Moore's first picture is "A Lady's Morals", based on the life of Jenny Lind, the famous songstress.

Betty Compson and Kay Johnson played opposite Gary Cooper in "The Spoilers", the lucky girls.

MITTIE PORTER C.: Of course, you know Joan Crawford's a mighty busy young lady, what with starring in "Within the Law", and keeping house for Doug, Jr., so, she probably hasn't gotten around to answering your letter yet, or sending you a picture. But I think you'll get it eventually. Just don't lose hope.

As to becoming more intimate with Norma Shearer, that is quite a problem. And I'm afraid nothing can be done about it. For no matter how much a movie star might like to meet and know her admirers personally, her time is so limited that she has to divide it as best she can among the many.

LITTLE EVA: Yes, Gloria and her Marquis have finally split. The divorce suit was filed in October. Just another case of a career and matrimony not mixing. Which proves that the movie stars don't find happiness often, for all their fame and money. Take Gloria, she's been married three times, and yet she is one of the loneliest women in the world.

FAST COMPANY: Lupe Velez is under contract to Universal—in a business way. But Gary Cooper has a long-term option on her time after studio hours. That's really one of the big romances of Hollywood. Lupe has become lots quieter since going with the silent Cooper gentleman, while Gary has gone Mexican, and how! He eats Mexican food, drinks Mexican beverages, and puts chili sauce on his beans. That's what love does to one!

ALICE: You'll get a chance to see Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" opposite Gary Cooper. That will be her first American picture.

Despite all their denials, I rather think she and Josef von Sternberg like each other. It may be only friendship, though. Marlene claims to be devoted to her husband in Germany—but where have we heard that before?

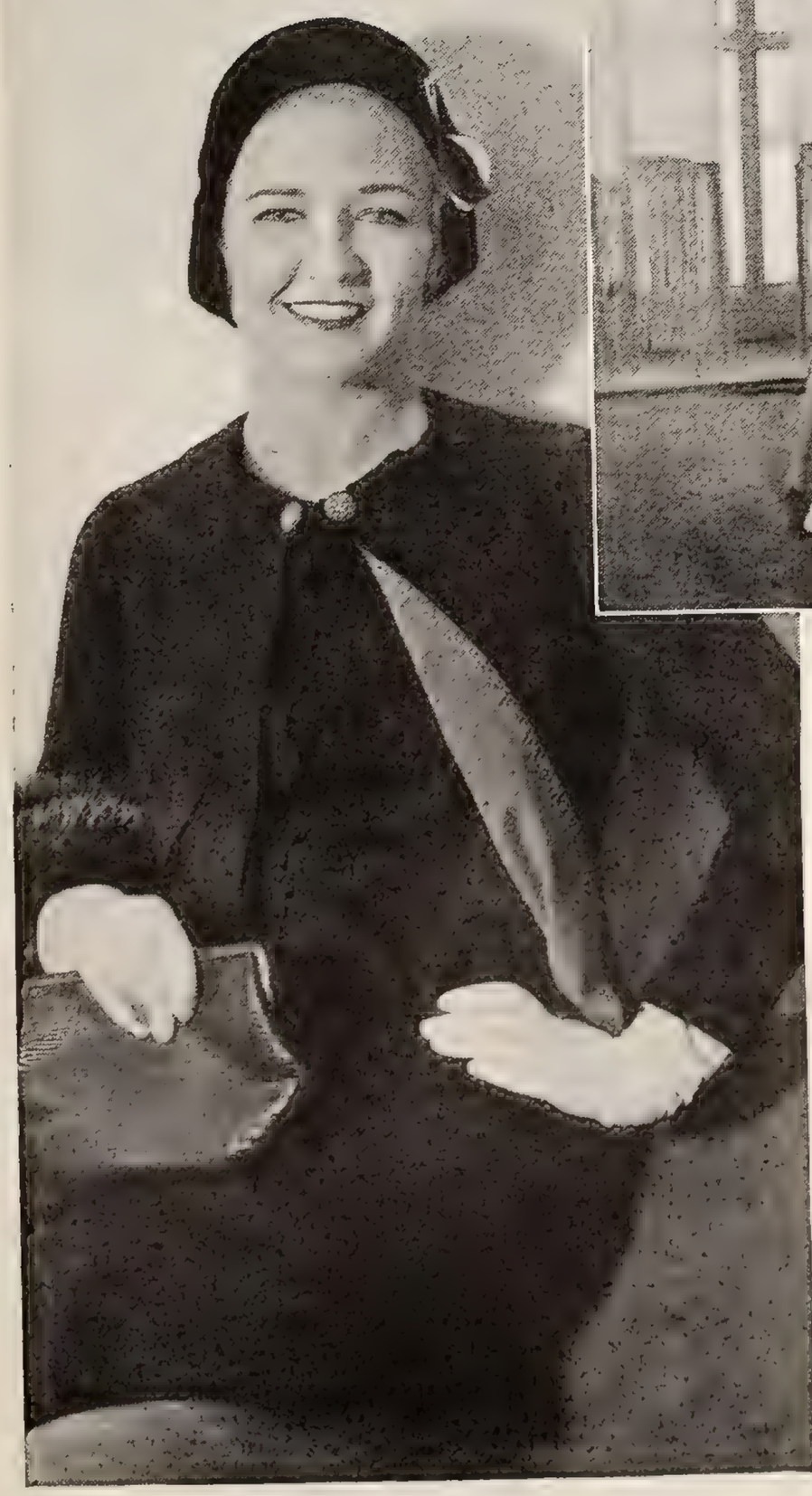
SURE-FIRE: June Collyer is about five feet five inches tall, and very slim. Her hair isn't naturally curly—but what's a permanent wave between friends? And you can rest assured that she creates quite a commotion among the weaker (meaning male) sex, whenever she enters a room.

The biggest vamps aren't always the hotsy-totsies in real life, anyway.

DESPERATE DESMOND: Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque are appearing on Broadway at present, so you won't be able to see them soon in a movie.

Vilma has never stood alone—her only very successful pictures were those with Ronald Colman. And after all, Ronald is Ronald. Need we say more? He's my weakness, for one.





THE NEW STYLES ARE A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN BEAUTY

THE American girl developed today's standards of beauty: the rounded slimness of glowing health. And the new styles—from trim, revealing sports togs to clinging evening gowns—are a tribute to that beauty!

Yet even the most active girl of today must count calories at times to keep the slenderness so necessary to look well.

But unwise dieting may do far more harm than good. Diets which lack roughage (and most reducing diets do) frequently cause improper elimination. Poisons accumulate in the system—causing pimples, wrinkles, sallow skins, headaches, dizziness and even serious illness.

THIS DANGER may be avoided by simply including Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in an adequate reducing diet. ALL-BRAN isn't fattening. It provides the roughage your system must have to keep clean, regular and healthy. It also adds iron, which brings color to the cheeks and helps prevent dietary anemia.

Try this pleasant ready-to-eat cereal instead of dangerous pills and drugs. You'll enjoy the many ways you can serve it: as a cereal, sprinkled over salads, cooked into muffins and breads.

Ask for Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations every Sunday evening.

THE NEW STYLES
as worn by
LAURA LA PLANTE
Beautiful Universal Star



"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

contains helpful counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"KEEP HEALTHY WHILE YOU ARE DIETING TO REDUCE."

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. D-1, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "*Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce.*"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

More Movietown Topics

[*Continued from page* 35]

FRANK MAYO was arrested the other night for sleeping on somebody's lawn in Hollywood.

Frank Mayo, the actor, was embarrassed considerably when his friends called up, offering him beds to sleep in.

The Frank Mayo in jail was not the actor.

* * *

Arthur Caesar's idea of a press agent is the guy who cackles when somebody lays an egg.

* * *

RAMON NOVARRO plays rough with his women.

While kidding around at Lawrence Tibbett's house one Sunday afternoon, Ramon and Elsie Janis got to pushing and wrestling with each other.

Finally, Elsie got Ramon down on the floor and sat on his chest. Ramon, still kidding, gave a sudden lurch and threw Elsie to the floor, putting her shoulder out of place.

She didn't know about the slight injury until the next morning when her shoulder pained her.

Yes, they're still friends—but not on wrestling terms.

* * *

RENEE ADOREE has returned to the sanitarium at Prescott, Arizona, for a complete rest and care of her delicate lungs. She is there under the name of Mrs. Gill.

Lila Lee is at the same place, registered under the name of Mrs. Appel, endeavoring to regain her health also.

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON'S titled hubby, the Marquis Henri, blames Hollywood for causing their divorce, claiming that the cinema village is no place to be married.

* * *

Credit Herbert Rawlinson with this one.

Clara Bow was swimming this summer in front of her Malibu Beach bungalow. As she came out of the water, her wet bathing suit revealing her It, That, These and Those, she saw an old man standing in front of her cottage.

"Hello, Grandpa," piped up Clara. "How old are you?"

Grandpa took one look at Clara and answered, "Eighty—dammit!"

* * *

RUMORS are going the rounds that Mack Sennett, confirmed bachelor, would listen to the wedding bells peal and walk down that well known aisle with Marjorie Beebe, his favorite star.

* * *

BEFORE Maurice Chevalier departed for a vacation in Paris he was tendered a dinner at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel.

In his speech of thanks for the honor shown him, the French star gave special mention of gratitude to B. P. Schulberg and Jesse Lasky.

When asked why he hadn't included M. C. Levee, studio business manager, Maurice replied simply: "I did not thank him because he has done nothing for me to thank him for."

And that's that.



International

Here's Norma Shearer making her first appearance since the birth of her son, to be proclaimed as giving the finest performance of the year in "The Divorcee" and to receive first prize of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. George Arliss got first award among the male actors and "All Quiet on the Western Front" was called 1930's best picture

JEANETTE LOFF, pretty light-haired actress, got her liberty bond at a local court and is now free to marry again.

Her current heart, Walter O'Keefe, song writer, is now doing ditties in New York.

* * *

Hayden Talbot, Fox writer, is being sued for divorce.

Nope, no actress was mentioned as co-respondent.

Something unusual in Hollywood.

LEROY MASON, Rita Carewe's hubby, who is in the business (besides acting now and then on the screen) of selling radios and automobiles, got himself in jail trying to do a favor for Gary Cooper.

It seems that Gary, interested in one of the radios for his car, had parked said machine in a no-parking zone near LeRoy's shop. Upon seeing a cop writing out a ticket while they were in the store, LeRoy rushed out and started to give well known deacon of the law an argument which eventually was resented.

One word led to another—and LeRoy was finally led to the Beverly Hills jail for talking back and getting fresh.

After twenty-four hours, LeRoy learned he had only saved Gary from getting a ticket.

* *

Bryant Washburn is passing out the cigars.

He's the proud papa of a seven-pound baby girl.

Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery are acting likewise.

They are baby girls' fathers, also.

* * *

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT was sued by a local film publication for payment on advertising space. He lost.

May McAvoy, sued by the same publication, won because said magazine failed to publish the correct picture.

* * *

MILDRED VAN DORN, cunning little newcomer to the talkies, is getting along right nicely in a romantic way.

She's been dining with Lloyd Corrigan, Paramount director, on one night—and with Edwin Justus Mayer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer writer and director, on the next evening.

* * *

ADRIENNE DORE, beauty contest winner and leading lady in Christie comedies, is getting all hot and bothered about Vernon Rickard, local musical comedy and radio tenor.

* * *

Viola Dana, Hollywood's unluckiest girl in love, is now married to Jimmy Thompson, professional golfer.

Cinemaland looks on and wonders. Vi is thirty-six and Jimmy is quite a bit younger.

Vi is called unlucky because her first hubby, John Collins, director, died of the "flu." She was engaged to marry Omar Locklear, aviator, when he was killed—on the eve of their announcement. Her second husband, Maurice "Lefty" Flynn, football star, was much too fond of liquid refreshments. Vi, herself, is a good little scout. Here's luck this time, Viola, and lots of it.

Test Your Skill



QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN $650.00

THE hunt is about to start. The hounds have been unleashed and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs send the numbers together with your name and address. Six thousand dollars to be paid in 10 equal first prizes. Each one $600.00 or a brand new Chevrolet, 2-door sedan, the model pictured above, with many extra prizes of $50.00 each—you can win one by being prompt—making a total first prize of $650.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prizes there are dozens of other well chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, Illinois, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

J. F. LARSON,
Room 290, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

24 Hours with Garbo

(*Continued from page* 15)

On closer inspection, the atmosphere of her surroundings takes on a different aspect—one of dignity and reserve—but not necessarily of mystery.

A wide lawn surrounds the house, but at this early morning hour, it is deserted and silent. A heavy medicine ball lies on the grass. And an empty parrot cage. There is a rustle. I jump. A black and white cat strolls leisurely into view, followed by a small coal-black kitten. Hastily I snap some pictures and clamber down from my dangerous perch.

GARBO is nowhere to be seen so I decide to go and see the neighbors. Their house is only a few feet from Garbo's, but completely screened by foliage. My visit reveals only one thing—Garbo's neighbors have never met her nor exchanged a single word with her. I seem to know more about her after one evening of research than the people who had lived beside her for months.

I returned to my vantage point. This time through a small gap in the tree-wall I can see a figure lying on the grass in a patch of sunshine. It is Garbo. She is curled up under an old robe with only her bare legs visible. She talks to the cats. She sings in a deep pleasant voice a German song—Schubert's Serenade. At twelve the cook comes out, bringing luncheon on a tray. Garbo speaks to her in English—asking for some Swedish bread! They talk for a moment—gesturing toward the empty cage. They are bewailing the fact that the parrot has flown away. Both are despondent, but Garbo especially feels the loss. For she loves all sorts of birds and animals, and is apt to take her whole crew of pets with her when she goes away for a week or two. When her kittens were at a veterinary hospital she went to see them every day.

Leaving Garbo to eat her luncheon in solitude, I take up my post across the street. Hours of waiting. Being Sunday, she prolongs her solitary sun-bath. At last she goes in the house and before long a lone figure emerges from the heavily shadowed driveway. She wears a polo coat and the inevitable beret, a white skirt and blue navy jacket and heavy flat-heeled shoes. She walks vigorously and so fast that I have difficulty in keeping up with her, even at a discreet distance. Through back streets, down into the canyon behind her home, then into the hills on the other side she plunges, with me fast on her heels. At last she doubles back and toward the ocean, winding up finally at a house in a side street very near the sea. The mailbox tells me that it is the home of Viertel, the director. Mrs. Viertel, a German, played Marie Dressler's part in the German version of Anna Christie and coached Garbo in the language. They are close friends, and when she is not working, Garbo goes almost every day to the Viertels, and almost as often to the Feyders. Those two families are her closest friends, and she is gay and sociable when she is with them.

About four-thirty the entire Viertel family, including a crew of youngsters, emerges from the house with Garbo. They all pile into a Buick sedan. Garbo drives. She's an erratic chauffeur and the cab which I hastily summon (having left my own Lizzie parked before her house) has difficulty following her devious route. But finally we end up at the Feyder home in Brentwood, some four miles away.

By this time I was quite proficient at looking over fences, so with a paean of praise for Spanish patios, where all is open for the world to see, I manage to find a place from which I can view the Feyder festivities.

The entire French colony seems to have gathered there—among others I recognized Mirande, the writer, Gregore, the actor, and Andre Luguet and his wife. The place is alive with children. There are three small Feyders and several small Luguets.

Garbo comes into the patio, beret in hand. Her hair hangs almost straight to her shoulders, parted on one side as she wore it in "Anna Christie," and without any attempt at coiffure. But she still wears a light make-up like that of the night before.

She talks to the children and plays with them. Obviously she loves them and they adore her. Then she talks to Feyder about the picture she is soon to begin and seems anxious about her work. Contrary to the accepted opinion, she adores her work and has no desire to give it up. And before each new picture, she is as nervous as an amateur. After each picture is completed, she is certain that she has given a bad performance and talks of leaving the screen. When the picture is a success—as it always is!—she decides to try once more! And because she is so engrossed in her work, she loves to talk about it even during her hours of relaxation.

Finally, she turns from Feyder, and leaning on the back of a chair, engages in conversation with Mirande. She is gay, laughing, full of life—not at all the sombre melancholy figure I had expected her to be. The patio is alive with laughter and conversation.

Garbo stays just an hour. Then takes her departure alone. No one tries to stop her or to insist upon going with her. All seem to take it as a matter of course that she should leave suddenly and by herself. They understand her desire to be alone.

Again she strides along the quiet roads and back streets. She seems to know every stone—she walks alone from two to three hours every day either early in the morning or late in the afternoon—whether she is working or not.

THERE is no sign of life anywhere, except for the tall solitary figure of Garbo. She turns up the driveway, dark and gloomy now that the sun has set.

It is my last sight of her for the day. There is no sound from the house and there are lights only in the bedroom and kitchen. Apparently she is having her dinner in bed, just as she frequently does when she is working.

It is eight-thirty. The golden moon hangs low in the cloudless California sky. The air is sweet with the scent of blossoms drifting down from distant hills. I watch the big house and see the lights being extinguished one by one. Then everywhere there is silence and peace. The garden lies quiet.

Garbo is asleep.



Was Sweden ever like this? Here is the view of distant mountains and fertile valley which greets Greta on awaking

The Greatest Star in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 32]

have sky-rocketed and vanished into the limbo of forgotten things.

Pickford cuts her curls, Clara Bow plays hearts, Harry Langdon gets a Hamlet complex, Colleen Moore leaves Hollywood for the stage, ad infinatum, world without end, amen.

Unquestionably Dick's early training and education influenced his beginnings and that foundation has proven of solid and lasting quality. When considering the why and wherefore of Barthelmess' long and successful career it is well to remember that foundation. No man ever really gets away from it. Heredity and environment *do* make the man, no matter what skeptics may say.

Unquestionably his artistic and temperamental heritage are vital factors in his work. From his mother he has inherited the fire and brilliance that mark his interpretations. His moody aspect and his deep, unforgettable eyes are hers.

While he was growing up, Richard Barthelmess spent many hours standing behind wings during the production of a play. Many more hours he sat and gazed dreamily at the experienced actor in a studio. Often he went to see a John Barrymore play and spent his visit not to enjoy the show so much as to study the famous Barrymore technique.

He had left Trinity College before his senior year. His mind was definitely set that acting was to be his life-work. There was nothing of the stage-struck youth about his early attitude. He had deliberately chosen the stage because he thought it a good money-making business. With this state of mind he set out to learn all he could about acting and the drama.

Today, after thirteen years, he is one of few actors who can sit in story conferences and argue stories just as readily as an author, who can discuss directorial points with the greatest of directors. The fact is that Richard Barthelmess is one actor who is not directed; I have never seen a director presume to tell him how a scene should be played. If anything, I have seen him suggest to directors that such-and-such a thing be done, which invariably resulted in a superlative scene for which the director received critical encomiums upon the release of the picture.

From beginning to end, from the purchase of a story to the final cutting, Barthelmess is interested and has a sure hand in its development. No phase of it escapes his interest and concern.

DICK is an inveterate reader. He is unique in that he not only boasts a large library but also knows what is in the books he owns. In addition, he reads the best and latest magazines. These two points, coupled with his semi-annual visits to New York, his periodic globe-trotting and his general interest in public affairs, give him a breadth of view and an up-to-dateness highly important in a business that depends largely on its timeliness.

He makes it a business to see the latest pictures, believing that it is of inestimable value to him to know what type of pictures are succeeding and what are not.

If it were at all possible to touch the one vital secret of his success, I should say that it was "thought". I mean the mechanism of actual thinking. He thinks things out.

I remember an incident that will serve as an excellent example of what I mean. It happened during the making of "The Noose", generally conceded one of his finest characterizations.

Director John Francis Dillon outlined the action of the scene to the principals and Barthelmess. Then he suggested that they go through it. Barthelmess looked puzzled a minute and said, "Well, what am I thinking of in this scene?"

Again the director repeated the business of the scene, but Barthelmess interrupted: "You don't understand, Jack. What I want to know is what is going on in my mind when I do these things? What am I thinking about? If I know that, the acting will take care of itself."

That's the Barthelmess formula.

SIX or seven years ago it would not have been possible to have a "Dawn Patrol". Barthelmess was not ripe for such work. His public were not prepared for it. They demanded the wistful boy of "Tol'able David". The constantly suffering boy that won him his early following, which following he has held so staunchly.

But time changes all things. Barthelmess knows that, and thinks about it. The thing he would not have attempted five years ago he dares today—and with unqualified success.

Today, with maturity of mind and body, with more sophisticated audiences to appeal to, with an altered public attitude, he is not afraid to delineate a prize-fighter or a gangster or a hardboiled, unsympathetic seaman.

Another thing about this Barthelmess. He has sense enough to know that his pictures are known as Barthelmess productions, therefore anything of merit in his pictures will redound to his credit. Therefore, if a leading woman or a male support gives a great performance or comes near stealing the picture, the credit is, in the final analysis, to the star who made the picture.

Dozens of leading ladies have come near stealing Barthelmess pictures. And men, too. There was Bill Powell in "The Bright Shawl", Ernest Torrence in "Tol'able David", and only recently Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in "The Dawn Patrol".

What happened? Nothing except that such excellencies of acting and performance are expected in Barthelmess productions and such expectations are box-office—which, in terms of groceries and trans-Atlantic suites spells a flock of comfort in one's old age.

Richard Barthelmess is even now looking ahead and dreaming of the things he would like to do. And when the time is ripe, he will.



Speechless
...When A Few Words Would Have Made Me
But Now I Can Face the Largest Audience Without A Trace of Stage Fright!

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me to-day," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

And then a week later like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage-fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new, home study method I rapidly developed this gift until, in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage-fright. This remarkable training has made me a self-confident aggressive talker—almost overnight.

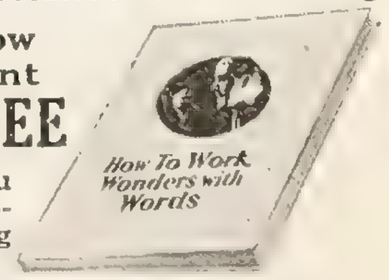
* * *

There is no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage-fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Now, through an amazing new home study training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

Send for This Amazing FREE Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage-fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Thousands have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. You can obtain your copy absolutely FREE by sending the coupon.

Now Sent **FREE**



NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
Dept. 4171
3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE,
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 4171, Chicago, Ill.

Send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

What the Stars Forecast for the Stars

[*Continued from page* 30]

that has given us those magnificent characterizations of hers. And it was brains that enabled her to come back as she has.

"Gloria Swanson's greatest happiness is yet before her. She is coming under aspects which will bring her the big love of her life, an affair that will make the others pale into insignificance.

"One of the fine things about this chart is that it shows a person not afraid to strike out in new paths. The Sun in Aries, makes Gloria the pioneer type ready to have a go at the unknown and the untried. If it turns out a mistake, she is ready to scrap everything and begin over again."

"Yes, Gloria's bad time is over. She's on the up-grade now, with new successes and happiness waiting for her in the future. The stars show that she would do well to stick to emotional roles and not go in too heavily for comedy. But whatever she does we can expect to have many more of the typically well-thought-out, beautifully artistic Swanson films."

AND now about that blond enigma from the land of the Midnight Sun. I thought to myself "Here's where I find out all about the only Garbo." Garbo's birthday is September 18th. But what I heard only added to my bewilderment. For the first thing Mrs. Wells said was "This is by all odds the most deeply and truly emotional of all these charts. Garbo has her Venus in Scorpio, the intensest of the signs."

And that's the girl, who, at the onset of her career in Hollywood, when her dramatic future was hanging in the balance, calmly said "I go home now."

"Greta is a strongly Virgo person. Most of her planets are in Virgo. And Virgo is the critical, fundamentally 'Feet-on-the-ground' sign. That's where she gets that marvellous poise, that indifferent exterior masking the emotional depths underneath. And what depths! It is the reflection of those subterranean fires we catch glimpses of in the smouldering *Anna Christie* and the passionate woman of 'Romance.' That's not only acting, it's the brief surging up of the intensest forces a woman can know. It's the real Greta that comes to us on the screen no matter how she may control it in her life.

"She is like a volcano hidden under sailing fields and peaceful woodland. It would take much to move her, but once the real thing comes, there will be fireworks. Her Mercury is in Virgo, and while her Scorpio Venus gives her depths, a Mercury so placed means that she has the counter-balance of an excellent mentality. There may be fireworks, but the outside world will know little about them.

"Greta Garbo is building for an even greater fame than she has won so far. And there are indications that she will be kinder to her adoring following. This coming year, she will do even bigger films than ever before, and finer work."

Speaking of publicity, I learned that little Clara Bow may have promised to be good, but it doesn't look as if she would keep that promise. This present year she must watch her step.

Mrs. Wells said: "Neptune, that mysterious, subtle planet is badly placed in Clara's horoscope. She was born July 29th, and that means a peculiar time ahead. She may find herself surrounded by unfavorable conditions that she can't fight. Her wisest plan is to take every precaution to keep out of trouble, for once in, it would be like trying to grope her way out of a fog.

"She should especially watch the women in close contact with her. They are bad medicine for Clara. And she must be careful about her health. If she wants to stay well and fit, she should be strictly temperate in all health habits, watch her diet and exercise and seldom over-indulge."

One would expect the "It" girl to have an intensely emotional chart, but Mrs. Wells says this isn't so.

"Clara has a rather lovely, little-girl idealism, but she takes love affairs lightly . . . not often experiencing a deep feeling.

"There is a special warning to Clara for this year. Watch out for water! And that doesn't mean ocean voyages or fishing trips only. She might slip in the tub!"

So take care Clara . . . keep away from women, water and the press.

Now what about that other youngster who has come to the front so rapidly this last year . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? His birthday is December 9th. If ever the stars seemed to smile on a person, they are smiling on Young Doug. A beautiful, devoted wife, fine pictures that have already made him one of our most popular stars, health, wealth and happiness.

Mrs. Wells said that Doug is now in the best period of his whole life . . . and that it was going to continue for some time. No trouble ahead for Doug Jr., but greater opportunities to develop his artistic gifts, to enjoy life, to love and be loved by Joan. He should seize every chance, conserve his money. In short, he should build firmly now, while the planets are in such splendid helping aspects.

Then I asked Mrs. Wells about Doug's step-mother, Mary Pickford. Stars may come and stars may, and certainly do, go—but Mary Pickford is Mary Pickford. It looks like a critical time for her.

"It *is* a critical time," Mrs. Wells said: "Mary has felt the need to work, to express herself, but it won't be easy. Her very ambition may carry her into endeavors not suited to her, and she will have to work harder than she ever has before, and not reap the rewards such work should bring.

"It's a very contradictory and unsatisfactory state of affairs. Neptune, who figures so largely in Clara Bow's new year, isn't any too well placed in Mary's chart either. In Mary's case, it seems to mean that the men near her will cause her sorrow. But if they do, no one but Mary will know it! She keeps her heart-aches to herself. But she can console herself with the knowledge that this is the most emotionally disturbing time she will ever have. Once over, she can be certain such circumstances won't reoccur."



Little Marjorie White will never put on dog just because she's a hit but when Margie sees a bunch of snuggle puppies she just can't resist 'em

DURING this talk with Mrs. Wells, I'd heard so much about those trouble-makers Saturn and Uranus, that I asked her if they never had a good effect on people.

"But of course they do!" she said. "The chart of Norma Shearer born August 10th is a fine example of what they can do in a constructive way. She not only has Saturn where he can't hurt her, but she also has Uranus in a friendly aspect to her Sun.

"Norma's horoscope, with these two powerful planets in good aspects, is in contrast to John Gilbert's chart. He is suffering from their bad influences, while Norma receives only their pleasantest vibrations. In fact, right now Norma Shearer truly has the stars fighting for her.

"One very interesting thing in her horoscope . . . is that the position and aspects of her Sun give everyone around her the wish to help . . . and that's especially true of men."

Love, happiness, a baby boy, a firm fan following that has waited patiently for her return to the screen—beautiful Norma has the rewards of her years of hard work.

"Thank you, Mrs. Wells," I said as I prepared to go. "Now can you tell me what's ahead for us movie fans?"

She laughed— "That's a pretty big order, isn't it?" she said. "But I can tell you that we've seen about the last of these dismal films that insist on the darker side of life. Next year, the stars say, is going to be a return to romance—young love, beauty, are coming back to the screen."

Hell's Smartest Angel

[*Continued from page* 18]

day I went with a friend of mine, Lucille Lee, to the Fox Studio, where she was to try on some costumes for a small bit. I had intended waiting for her in the car, but curiosity prompted me to go in. I had never been in a studio and rather wanted to see 'what made the wheels go 'round'.

"As we walked in, we passed the casting director, who called Lucille back and asked if I were in pictures, and if not, why not? So, she introduced me to him and he gave me a note to Dave Allen, of Central Casting Bureau, through whom all the casting in Hollywood is done.

"I wasn't interested but accepted the note as the most graceful way out of the interview—never expecting to use it.

"But Lucille went home with me that night and it so happened that several other friends dropped in. And she told them all about it—to their very great amusement."

Jean looked ravishing as she talked. She was wearing a bright green wool dress, sheer mesh hose and demure green pumps. Her hair was waved softly back from her face and two huge pearls weighted down her small, pink ears.

"In fact, every one thought the idea of my trying to act such a huge joke that I began to get mad," she explained. "So, when one of the boys bet me five hundred dollars that I wouldn't take my note to Dave Allen and register with Central, I took him up on it.

"Next day I won the money—but in fear and trembling, you may be sure. I talked to Mr. Allen for about two hours and he said they would call me soon.

"So, in a day or so I got a call to be at Paramount at nine the next morning—ten dollars a day. It turned out that the picture was 'Moran of the Marines', with Richard Dix and Ruth Elder. And I was given one little bit with Miss Elder.

"A few days later the casting director from Hal Roach Studios was looking at some of the scenes with Fred Datig, Paramount casting director. Result, I was called by the Roach Studios.

"My first work there was a second lead and then a lead with Bryant Washburn and Edna Murphy. Then I was given a five-year contract."

AND then Fate, in the form of an irate grandfather, took a hand—or rather a wire.

For Jean's telephone rang furiously about two o'clock one morning and she drowsily answered it to hear an irascible male grandparent, who had suddenly gone to the movies, telling her that she would have either to get out of pictures or out of the family. At least, as far as his money went. And as there was a good deal of it, Jean slept no more that night.

Morning brought the resolve that between a career-with-prospects and a cool half-million, she'd choose the latter.

So she went to Mr. Roach and in words of one syllable explained matters to him.

"He was lovely about it," Jean said. "Of course, he could get hundreds of girls to play leads in comedies, so I really meant nothing to him. And he understood that. He told me, 'I have a family myself and I know how unpleasant disagreements are. So, you just tear up your contract!'

"I did, and peace was restored."

For seven months after that, Jean never set foot in a studio. And then her marriage crashed. To occupy her mind, she knew that she must work. And her thoughts turned naturally to pictures.

"As soon as he knew Bud and I had separated, Grandfather insisted that I go back to Kansas City. I didn't want to do that. I knew that I could never earn as much as grandfather would leave me, but disinherited or not, I determined I was going to work—and in pictures."

So, with her head held high, Jean set out to capture her waiting laurels.

"My first call was at Paramount again," she resumed. "A bit with Clara Bow in 'The Saturday Night Kid'. And that break influenced my whole future.

"For Jimmy Hall played opposite Clara in that film and a few weeks later I was over at Metropolitan Studio looking for work in a Christie Comedy when I ran into him and Ben Lyon.

"They were just beginning the talking sequences of 'Hell's Angels', and I asked them who was their leading lady. And then the bright idea struck them of introducing me to Mr. Hughes as a prospect."

As you know, Jean got the part and has been signed by Mr. Hughes on a five-year contract. Not, however, at a figure to equal the inheritance she has given up. But she thinks her job a fair exchange.

"I think every woman should have some kind of work—of course, if she has children, that's a career in itself. But unless she has a *living* interest like that, the average woman is so dull.

"Why, there's so much in life to be interested in," Jean waxed enthusiastic. "So many good books, good plays, good music. And through a career a woman finds a greater appreciation of them all."

"But do you think even a career can make a woman's life complete without love?" I hated to be tactless in the face of Jean's matrimonial mishap, but she seemed so casually to have relegated romance to another sphere.

"Complete, no," she responded. "But happy, yes. We can learn to value the sunlight on a clear day, the feel of the wind in our faces as we drive along, flowers, music, friends. That isn't perfect happiness, of course, but we were not meant to have perfect happiness. We must always compromise with life."

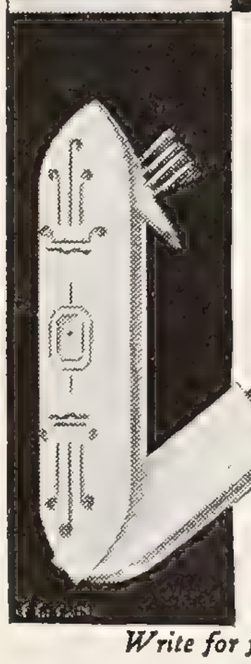
Philosophic words those. The fire she has felt has not left Jean untouched.

"Don't you think you will ever fall in love again?" I knew I was getting impertinent—but this strange blue-eyed child, with her rare maturity and composed naivete makes one want to discover what she thinks about everything.

"Why, I've never thought about it!" was her way of reprimanding me. And for the moment she convinced me that she meant it.

That's a way she has, this Jean Harlow. She convinces you of anything she wants you to believe—no matter what you had expected.





HERE'S the newest aid to eye beauty—Lashpac (patent applied for). In a dainty enameled metal compact you get mascara in *stick form* and a tiny brush. Simply moisten end of mascara and *apply direct* to lashes. Brush is used only to separate hairs after application. Use Lashpac any time, anywhere. Keep your lashes gloriously dark and tempting. At beauty shops, drug and department stores, $1.00. Refills, 50c.

Write for free folder "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them"

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Dept. 99 Rochester, N.Y.

LEARN PRACTICAL **NURSING**



At Home in 12 Weeks

Marvelous calling. Many earn $20 to $30 weekly caring for invalids in their vicinity WHILE LEARNING. We help secure positions. **Write**

MISS G. TULL, 6204 Winthrop, Chicago, Ill.



FOR MOVIE FANS

all original photos of your favorite stars, size 8 x 10, glossy prints, 25c each, 5 for $1.00. Scenes from your favorite photo plays 25c each, 12 for $2.50. *Positively the finest obtainable anywhere.* Your first order will convince you. No delay in filling orders. We have the largest collection of movie photos in the country. Just name the star or scenes you want. Remit by money order or U. S. 2c stamps. Est. 1912.

BRAM STUDIO
Studio 297-A, Film Centre Bldg.
630 - 9th Ave., N. Y. City



EARN LADIES' WRIST WATCH

Ladies' wrist watch of latest Jewelled design and guaranteed movement. 25-year Platinoid fancy engraved case with jewel tip. Send for only 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve. Sell at 25c box. Watch given according to offer in Catalogue sent with Salve. Send no money, just name and address today.

U. S. Supply Co. Dept. P-410, Greenville, Pa.



Adele Millar

WONDER PEEL PASTE

1-Day Home Treatment for FRECKLES, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ENLARGED PORES, WRINKLES, PITS, SCARS, PUFFS
Acne condition of back and shoulders
Wonder Peel Paste gives new life and youth to aging faces
No failure, No redness afterwards, Price $5

Adele Millar

527 W. 7th Dept. 28 Los Angeles, Calif.

Looks, Lyrics and Legs

[*Continued from page* 33]

you just have to pick up and fondle, attracted the dancing-teacher's attention. And when Lubitsch's leading-lady-to-be sang for her, she sensed the embryonic talent. And so, on every occasion when the dancing-school broke out in a recital, Jeanette supplied variety with little songs.

When she was fourteen and her older sister, Blossom, was in New York crashing the stage via Ned Wayburn's Revue, Jeanette begged and pleaded until her parents granted her two weeks in New York. Visiting her sister, her first move was to demand a job of Ned Wayburn. Wayburn, who has a penchant for making discoveries, saw the rich promise in the cocky little kid, and made her second understudy.

"It must have been my guardian angel who saw to it that I started young—so young that I still thought I was great. A few years later, when I knew what it was all about—what I was all about, I'd not have been so self-confident. But at the time, I was completely convinced that it wouldn't take more than two years to bring New York to my feet."

Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald, eager for their daughters to follow their own desires but still watchful parents none the less, moved to New York and established a home for them there. The fourteen-year-old Jeanette went to school in the mornings, arrived at the theatre after lunch, did her lessons in Wayburn's office between intervals of rehearsing, and went home to a normal family life.

When the Wayburn revue closed, Jeanette had no idea of suspending operations with it. With a neat list of managers she set about looking for a job.

After several unsuccessful calls, she turned to Charles Dillingham. Trying to find his office at the theatre, she was asked her business by a man in the box-office. With lifted chin, she explained that she was an actress come to get an engagement in a Dillingham show. After he and various amused secretaries had made way, she actually was admitted to the producer's office.

Relating to him her past achievements and future desires, she was not surprised when he said that there happened to be a vacancy in the chorus of a show opening in three days.

"But I don't want to be just a chorus-girl. I must make progress. I want to understudy the prima donna, too."

After a brief tryout, Dillingham agreed.

"Then," Jeanette added firmly, "I must have more money."

Indulgently, Dillingham offered an extra five dollars a week.

"Very well," said the practical Jeanette, highly pleased.

This show, "Night Boat", was her last appearance in the chorus, however.

In her next job—which was "Irene"—she had a small part. That is the way things happen to Jeanette. And through the next few years, things continued to happen, creating for her a steady ascent toward a contract as prima donna of Shubert shows, from which she was plucked by Paramount.

"It's been phenomenal good fortune, the way opportunities have dovetailed. Although, naturally, it wasn't just one grand succession of sunny days.

There were the inevitable periods of no work and no money. My father's money had been sadly depleted. Once, when I hadn't worked for six months, money was actively needed. But things worked out.

More recently, the thorns necessary to the rose-bed were furnished by the Shuberts. Under contract to them, Jeanette was given vehicles of tawdry quality. Universal tested her for Magnolia in "Show Boat" and Paramount for "Nothing But the Truth." Both companies made high bids for her service, but the brothers Shubert were obdurate.

"Yet there again, the right things happened, although I was miserable at the time. Both 'Show Boat' and 'Nothing But the Truth' were flops, and if I had gotten either I'd have flopped, too."

Ernst Lubitsch, preparing for "The Love Parade," was in New York in search of a Queen. After testing just about every singing beauty in town he was still unsatisfied. He finally ordered out all the old tests in the files of the Long Island Studio. Among them was the one Jeanette had made and Lubitsch cried out that here was his Queen.

Today Jeanette travels elegantly in a Cord town-car, but is seldom seen about town. During a picture, she goes home and goes to bed. Between pictures, she goes to neighborhood movies.

"I'm one of those people who just can't dissipate. A single, mild cocktail and I have a terrible hangover next day. Two or three evenings of staying out late and partying and I start to lose weight."

Yet she has a lot of play to catch up on some day. Since she was fourteen work has consumed all her time.

"Sometimes I think that all I want is to drop everything for six months and have an orgy of doing nothing. But in this business hay is to be made only when the sun shines and you daren't slow up.

"I have a beau," she added almost shyly. "A particularly nice one. He's not associated with pictures either."

Working hard and living quietly, this platinum-voiced charmer, who will shortly appear in drama or know the reason why, may have, as she claims, a guardian angel. What better berth for any angel?

The Price of Realism—Human Lives

[*Continued from page* 37]

descended on the camp like a white doom. Two carpenters from Sonora who had been called in to help pitch camp were anxious to get home to their families. Despite the threatening weather, they started down the mountain in a car, mistook a yielding bank of snow for the road, and pitched over a cliff. Their wives and children never saw them again.

The camp was buried and under the weight of the white blanket many of the tents caved in. The sleeping occupants were forced into the storm, and half-frozen and bewildered, wandered for many moments before finding shelter in some of the more hardy structures. As soon as was humanly possible everyone was removed to Sonora. But the hours of exposure had worked havoc. Grippe, flu, and pneumonia stalked through the camp.

On the same location, some scenes were taken of Indians riding bareback. Five hundred extras were employed—many of them natives of Sonora who had never faced a camera before. Not all were experienced riders. But when the five hundred were told to charge down a stony hillside, theirs not to reason why. In the hectic scramble, some of the horses stumbled over the loose stones and their riders could not handle them. One man fell off and broke his leg, another smashed his nose, a third split his chin.

Nine men were taken to the hospital as the result of that one day's shooting.

Three of them died. Art—and realism—must be served.

The record of "Danger Lights," the RKO railroad special, is clean—by Divine Providence, it seems. For many dangerous chances were taken by the entire company, including Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur, the leads. Yet no one was hurt.

In one shot Robert Armstrong climbed out of the cab of a giant locomotive and hung suspended in space for three minutes with the engine running wild about thirty miles an hour. His action was supposedly to put out a hot-box with a hose, but the first two "takes" were unsuccessful, and he had to go through the gruelling scene three times before the director was satisfied. Dangerous as it was, Bob refused to have a double.

Another scene in the same picture shows a train emerging from a tunnel while Armstrong and Miss Arthur stand on the track in front. If Armstrong's foot had slipped—well, it didn't.

Too, the camermen took some serious risks in order to get effective photography. Many running scenes were taken from a platform suspended from one side of the big engine. The three men clung there while the train roared along at fifty and sixty miles an hour. Once they had to go through a tunnel where there was only a two-inch clearance. They made it all right—but three lives were endangered.

It's the same story with every production. Human lives are offered as fodder for the thrill-mill, and heroes die unhonored and unsung.

Theirs not the laurel wreaths awarded achievement and valor—no flag-draped bier is escorted to a flowered resting-place—often the setting sun sends its final ray upon an unmarked grave—that of the Unknown Hero-Extra of Hollywood.

The Highball Hamlet

[*Continued from page* 16]

Once a year they meet to perpetuate the memory of the play, and they stage burlesque versions. One year they give it as a lurid melodrama, and the next year as a pantomine re-named 'Babes in the Woods'. It is as well known in England as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was in this country two generations ago. I don't dare to change a word."

Actually, some hundred "musts" were included before the Christies received the talking rights to this familiar farce. The pseudo aunt must wear gray curls, a certain kind of gown with a lace fichu, and she must wear the familiar cap. Charley's Aunt, when she appears in the 1931 phonoplay, will wear an almost exact replica of the gown worn by a Charley's Aunt during the Splendid Eighties. But things like that can't stop a highball Hamlet.

Ruggles is one of the few Los Angeles born players to achieve fame on the screen. A friend of his youthful days painted in such glorious colors the romance of life behind the footlights that he abandoned his plans of becoming a doctor. He secured a small role in "The Admirable Crichton," hurdling the ranks of supers right into the cast. Pill boxes never had a chance after that. He played at the old Alcazar in San Francisco, and at the Belasco and Morosco theaters in Los Angeles. Those were the golden days of the California theater, days when Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau, Blanche Bates, John Barrymore, Laurette Taylor, Charlotte Greenwood, and so many others were climbing to fame.

At one time, when he played at the old Belasco, Hobart Bosworth was stage manager; Herbert Rawlinson was the assistant; Victor Schertzinger, the Paramount director, was the orchestra leader, and in the cast were Lewis Stone, Kathlyn Williams, Bessie Barriscale, and Lenore Ulric. That would be an expensive assemblage in this day and time.

Strangely enough, young Ruggles played character roles and old men for eight years before he donned the make-up of a stage juvenile.

After a preliminary training on the Coast Charlie crashed Broadway with numerous successes. During the silent days of the screen he appeared with Lenore Ulric, Elsie Janis, Agnes Ayres and Cyril Maude. He believed then that the stage was his forte. Only when the infant screen let out its first chirp did he feel a renewal of interest.

Paramount literally took him out of the bedroom and turned him loose on a gin bottle, for he appeared in most of the A. H. Woods Broadway hits. You know, those things where the wrong people invariably got tucked into bed with assorted sleeping partners.

"I'm glad to be back in California," he said. "After all, it is my home, and I can be with my family."

Perhaps it isn't generally known, but Charlie is a brother of Wesley Ruggles, the director. He spent most of the summer at Wes's cottage at Malibu, the swanky Hollywood beach where the stars get sunburned and into other uncomfortable predicaments. For some reason or other, and Charlie can't give a reason, he isn't married. But he still has his boxing and handball games when things get too dull. He held the handball championship of the Los Angeles Athletic Club for several years. You have to be good to do that.

Strange, but the subject of alcohol does seem to continue to crop up in this *exposé*, however, as an added observance, innumerable fans have written in asking for a cinematic drinking bout between Marie Dressler and Charles.

Charlie is quite modest about it. He thinks Marie would drink him under the table and get all the laughs, too. But maybe he's just being gallant.

She Uses Her Head

[*Continued from page* 17]

tennis courts and miniature golf-links.

Actually, she is different because she is exceptionally well-educated, because she loves music and literature, and because she looks on both her career and her marriage as integral parts of her daily life.

Of course, "Tash" has been a mad-cap. There's no doubt about that, if you want to check up on the files of the daily tabloids. Not, however, because she has defied conventions, but because she isn't standardized.

Her home is different from other homes.

Outside, it's Spanish and gardeny, and inside it's Italian and cool.

Her life is different from other lives.

She detests bridge and an incessantly clanging radio. She eats foods which would make average appetites fold up under the first course.

In polyglot Filmdom a bid to "Tash's" home is about as important as a presentation in court in any other kingdom. (Hollywood's an autocracy.)

And out of it all she says about herself:

"I'm singing in my next picture, 'Lilli'.

"I can't sing, but that doesn't matter. Who in pictures can?

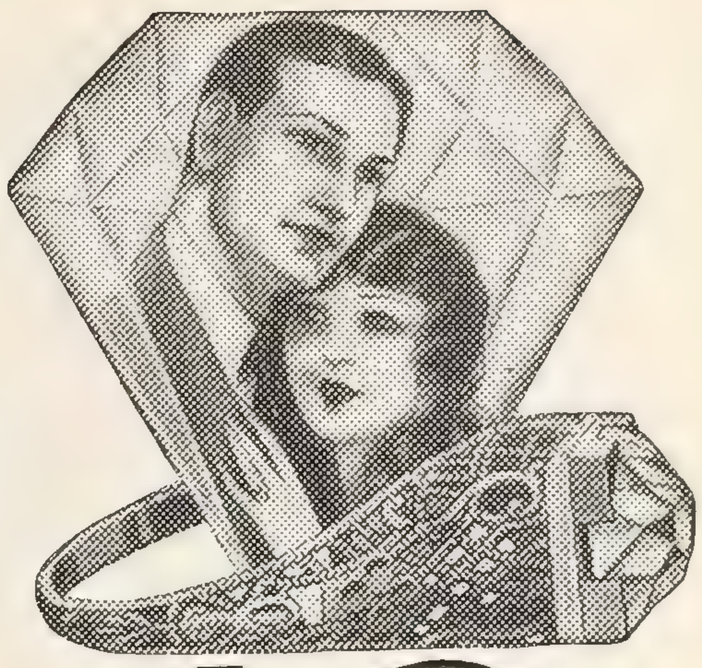
"I don't want a long-time contract. I don't want *any* contract. Not only do I want to act in plays I like and parts I like, but I want my freedom. If Eddie and I want to go to Europe or Africa or Alaska, I don't want some producer waving a contract in my face, telling me I have to stay home.

"I'm not going to slave. Life's too short."

This is especially intriguing when one considers that every other player in Hollywood is angling for a contract and pleads, not that life is short, but that one's starring life is short.

Of the powers-that-be, "Tash" murmurs:

"I'm not impressed by anyone who is known as a 'great person', in films or out of them. I might find a stocking salesman more interesting."



SEND ONLY 10¢

To Help Cover Cost of Handling and We Will Send You a Full Cut One Carat

Most Natural Artificial

FRENCH DIAMOND

Nothing More to Pay

NOTHING TO SELL—NOTHING TO BUY
NO RED TAPE ATTACHED TO THIS OFFER

We want thousands of new owners and boosters of Artificial **FRENCH DIAMONDS** and we will distribute these gems, exclusive of ring, **FREE** to our readers.

Artificial **FRENCH DIAMONDS** are full 24 facet cut and are of such radiant beauty that even experts have commented at their likeness to the genuine.

We are making this unusual offer only to get Artificial **FRENCH DIAMONDS** into the hands of appreciative friends.

Slip your name and address and 10c in stamps or coin (to cover cost of handling) in an envelope and get it right off to us. Your artificial **FRENCH DIAMOND** will reach you by return mail fully prepaid.

IF YOU WANT ONE FOR A FRIEND ALSO, ENCLOSE 10c EXTRA—ONLY TWO TO THE SAME ADDRESS

CRYSTAL DIAMOND COMPANY
Dept. SN 303 Fourth Avenue, New York

SONG WRITERS



NEW BOOK SENT FREE

Advance Royalty Payments,

New Talking-Picture Song requirements, etc., fully explained in our Free instructive book. Writers of *Words or Music* for songs may submit their work for *free examination and advice.* Past experience unnecessary. We revise, compose, arrange music and secure Copyrights. Our modern method guarantees approval. *Write Today*—Newcomer Associates. 1676-O Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$250 EUROPE



Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, "E244"

THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

AVIATION Information FREE

Send us your name and address for full information regarding the Aviation and Airplane business. Find out about the many great opportunities now open and how we prepare you at home, during spare time, to qualify. Our new book "Opportunities in the Airplane Industry" also sent free if you answer at once.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Dept. 4179 3601 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

LEW AYRES'
— LIFE STORY —
The Luckiest Boy in Hollywood

Tells how he got that way.
Beginning in the February
SILVER SCREEN

Rupture No Longer Spoils My Fun



"Now that I am rid of my rupture and do not wear a truss, I enjoy dancing again. There are many things I now do that I could not even attempt before, also my work is a pleasure instead of a task. To look at me now, no one would believe that I ever was crippled by a rupture."

This is the way people write us after ridding themselves of rupture by using STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS. Stacks of sworn to endorsements report success —without delay from work.

The PLAPAO-PADS are designed to assist nature in closing the hernial opening so the rupture can't come down. When this is accomplished, mechanical support will no longer be needed. The PLAPAO-PADS cling to the body without straps, buckles or springs. Easy to apply—comparatively inexpensive and comfortable.

Convince yourself by actually testing "PLAPAO". SEND NO MONEY. Just mail the coupon below and secure a free test of the remedial factor "PLAPAO" the muscle rejuvenator.

Test of Factor "PLAPAO"

FREE! ACT SPEEDILY

MAIL COUPON BELOW TO-DAY

Plapao Laboratories, Inc.
350 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

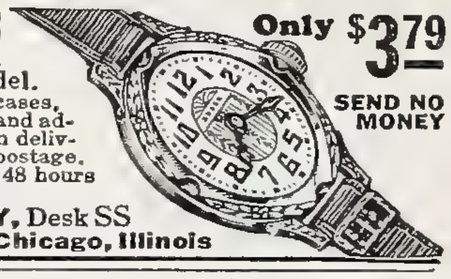
Send me FREE Trial Plapao and 48-page book on Rupture. No charge for this now or later.

Name.....

Address.....

Startling Watch Values

YOUR CHOICE



Only $3.79

This dainty wrist watch or handsome gent's model. Richly engraved lifetime cases, jeweled movement, tested and adjusted. *Send no Money* — on delivery pay only $3.79 plus postage. If not delighted, return in 48 hours and money refunded.

SEND NO MONEY

KING-HILL COMPANY, Desk SS
105 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Illinois

OLD COINS

Large Spring selling catalog of coins for sale, free to collectors only. Catalog quoting prices paid for coins, ten cents.

William Hesslein
101 H- Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Superfluous HAIR all GONE



Mahler method, which kills the hair root, prevents hair from growing again. Use it privately in your home.

We Teach Beauty Culture

Send today 3 red stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. Mahler Co., 3-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

THE HOLLYWOOD VENUS
IN FEBRUARY
SILVER SCREEN
are revealed the beauty secrets of the most beautiful girls in the world.

She likes variety.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Sydney Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Paul Bern, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, Jack Gilbert, Mary Duncan, Kay Francis, Ernst Lubitsch, such, with the best known screen personages, are her friends.

"Tash" has a refreshingly different slant on husbands, marriages and such.

"First of all," she says, "fall in love. Then get acquainted with your man! Yes, him. Cater to his likes and dislikes. Forget about yourself.

"If, after putting him under a magnifying glass, you still love him, marry him—quick.

"If you don't love him, leave him with a smile.

"The smile business works wonderfully. All my former suitors are my staunchest friends."

HER married life has been different, because it has been exceptionally happy. To those who have seen the sleek blonde vampire luring men to their dooms; wrecking homes and otherwise appearing both fascinating and hateful, this may be surprising.

"Eddie and I get along wonderfully," she says.

"We have the same friends, one of the secrets of successful marriage. We both like horseback riding, our principal diversion.

"We fight delightfully well. We say all sorts of outlandish things. But we're friends after the squall. We never harbor a grudge. Fortunately, we both have a sense of humor.

"We love the opera. We enjoy shopping together, particularly for foods. We like to read."

No petty differences are going to crash the Lowe-Tashman romance, says "Tash".

"Everyone seems to be talking divorce, and I hope I don't hear it mentioned again. People who divorce at the drop of the hat, or the break of a dish, are quitters. I don't like quitters.

"He's the nicest thing," she says of her husband. "Millions think of him as a hard-boiled Marine, but he's different."

She describes him as "docile," "naive" and "adorable".

She has helped him a great deal. She wrote much of his dialogue for "In Old Arizona", and did some for herself in "The Cat Creeps".

Hobby? Of course.

She collects hands. Sculptured hands. She has a dozen, and would have more, but they are hard to find.

"Their symmetry fascinates me," she says.

In an effort to be polite, you offer a cigarette.

"Thanks, but I don't smoke," she declares. Different again, what with a great cloud of feminine cigarette smoke rising over Hollywood.

Religion? Certainly.

"Do unto others as you'd like to be done by."

"Never gossip and mind your own business."

Is Miss Tashman afraid that some real life vampire will come along and steal her husband, just as she, in reel life, has stolen the husbands of others?

"I ask the most attractive women I know to my parties because pretty women attract men—and I like men around."

FOR prospective home-wreckers, she adds this information.

"Eddie's too busy with contracts right now to be bothered. Next year, to be on the safe side, I'm taking him to Europe. Try and find us."

And what about children?

"Two, if you please.

"And, just to be different, I'd like to have—twins."

This Tashman girl—she uses her head.



Here's schooldays, schooldays, dumb old Golden rule days for the famous youngsters of Our Gang. And do these famous little stars love their lessons? Like mud! Still their teacher, Mrs. Fern Carter, lets them bring Pete, the pup, right into the studio classroom—which helps

The March Lamb

[*Continued from page* 27]

tentatively titled, "Strictly Business".

When he came East last July to appear with Nancy Carroll in "Laughter", he expected to return to Hollywood immediately following completion of the picture. But, alas, for such optimism! The scheduled two months have already stretched into four with the end nowhere in sight. In the meantime, their two homes in California—a recently completed beach home at Laguna and a Spanish bungalow in Beverly Hills, have been loaned to friends, who are keeping the home fires burning until their return.

SINCE their arrival in New York, Florence and Freddie have had six different apartments, but now they are permanently ensconced at one of the swankier hostelries on the Avenue. Here they entertain most charmingly at informal dinner parties, their guests including celebrities of the social, literary and theatrical worlds. As in Hollywood an air of hospitality and good fellowship pervades their home.

Both the Marches have retained their inherent love of the theatre. Contractural obligations won't permit Freddie to make even a temporary return to the stage, so he must get his thrills vicariously by being an inveterate "first nighter". Florence, on the other hand, has been able to satisfy her desire for an audience again and is making her return debut in a play called, "An Affair of State".

Freddie declares that one of the reasons he is so happily married is because he doesn't play bridge. If he can't trump his wife's ace, he can't possibly quarrel with her. He thinks it much more fun—and infinitely safer—to while away his leisure hours picking out the typographical errors in the newspapers.

Another hobby of his is tennis. He can lick most men all hollow but when he contests a feminine runner-up, the score is invariably "love" on both sides.

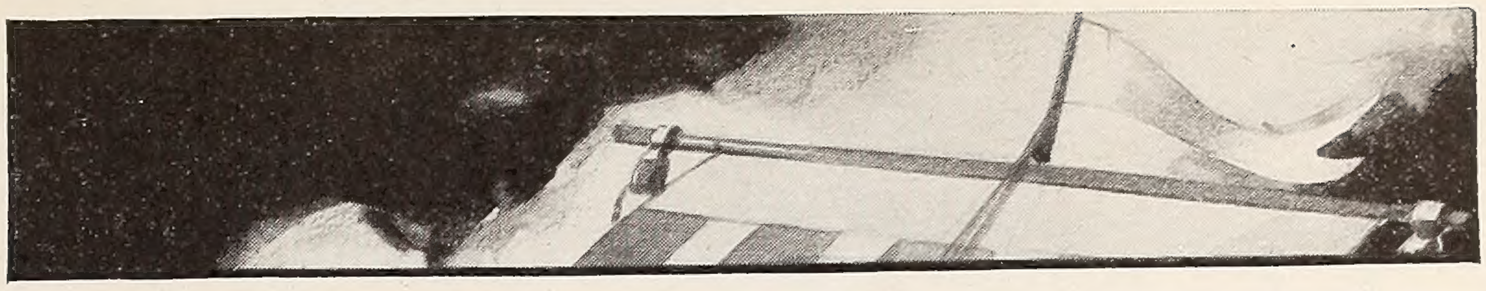
HE IS like a little child in his desire to please people. Recently, Florence celebrated her birthday and Freddie had all her friends shop with him for the feminine "doodabs" she would like best. When she promptly went into ecstasies over all of them, he was as delighted as a little boy with a pound of candy.

He hasn't the conventional list of actor's superstitions but that doesn't prevent him from keeping a tiny pair of his wife's baby gloves in his dressing-room all the time as a good luck symbol.

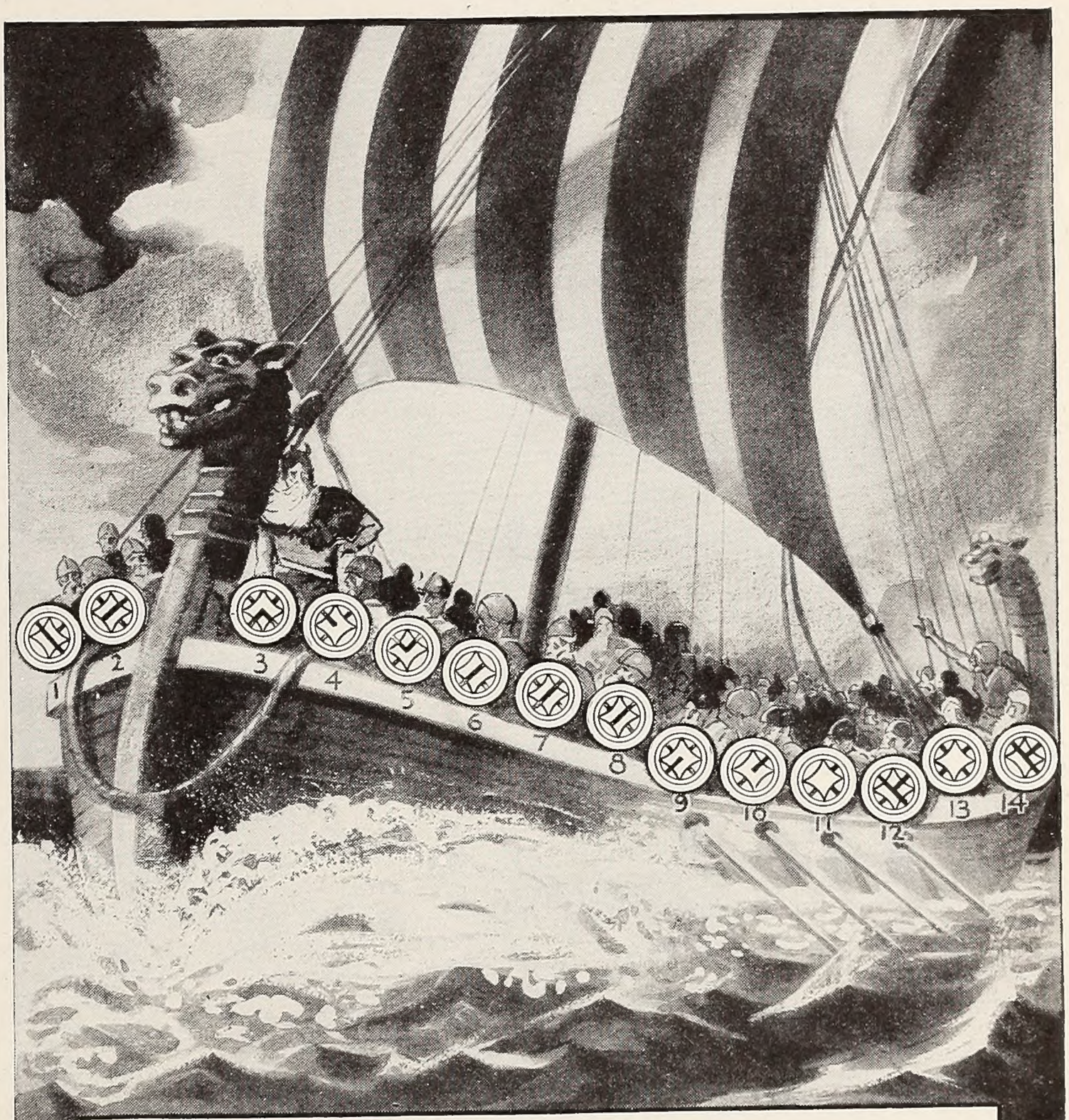
His hates are few and not very vehement. They include New York traffic, highly inefficient efficiency, doping out what to put in a week-end case, a "loud" wardrobe and bromides (seltzer and otherwise).

He adores old people and children. And is waiting patiently for the day when he and Florence can anticipate their first "blessed event".

In the meantime, he has a Persian cat, two love birds, a Lincoln sport model, three homes, a charming wife and stardom just around the corner. His "Alma Mater" should be proud. He certainly has lived up to her theme song, "On, Wisconsin!"



HOW OBSERVING ARE YOU?



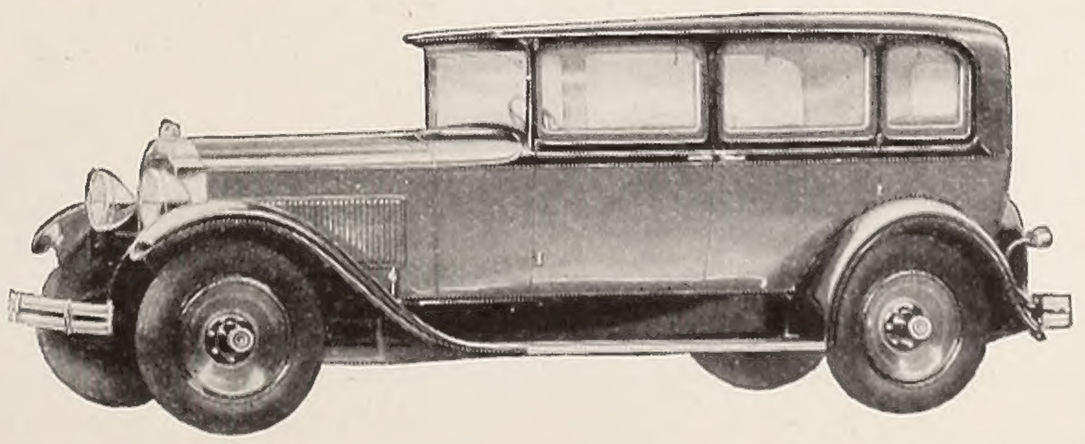
$7520.00 In Prizes

IN what is perhaps the most unusual advertising offer ever presented to the public we are going to award dozens of bounteous prizes totaling over $7,500.00 in value. The first prize is $2,085.00 (or the Packard Sedan shown below) and there is an additional prize of $415.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness.

As the qualification for the opportunity to win this $2,500.00 we present this difficult test of observation. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

Here is the test. Pictured above is the Viking ship of two courageous brothers, Eric, the Fearless, and Olaf, the Stalwart. They are stationed among the crew, their shields showing plainly over the sides, the same as those of others of the fiery band. They can be distinguished from the others in that their shields are the only two exactly alike. In battle they would be at the head of their band fighting fiercely, but can you find them now just by their shields, which are identical in every detail? All of the shields look different at first glance, yet the shields of these two brothers are identical in design, in size and shape, in every line.

Look carefully. If you think you have found the twin shields, send the numbers of them on a post card or in a letter. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. JOHN W. GENZ, Dept. 144, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



The Final Fling

HOLLYWOOD is currently recovering from its attack of anti-stardom, which is a great relief to us.

The movie producers go through this periodically. They announce that the star system is dead and that big pictures with nameless casts will be put forth instead. Come a flock of films called "The Big Branch" or "The Giant Gulch" or some such and the public goes flocking down the street to see the much less expensive picture of a beloved star.

The answer is that in a starring picture we can capture the personality revealed and make it our own for a little hour. But you can't borrow the personality of a wide prairie or of a lone pine and even if you could, why should you? When the interest in personalities is dead, all romance, all glamour, all happiness will be dead also.

MEET THE FAMILY: Speaking of personalities SILVER SCREEN begs to introduce each month one of its writers, all of whom it fondly believes great stuff.

Harriet Parsons, who did that grand job of reporting on Garbo in this issue is our youngest contributor—you'll see her in these pages monthly. Murmurs the beautiful Harriet:

> "Began my career at the age of six as child star for old Essanay Film Company. Soon became apparent that acting was not my forte. When eight years old decided to follow in footsteps of my writing mother, Louella O. Parsons. Wrote story about girl who eloped with red-haired man. Was promptly advised by family and friends to return to the screen. Nothing daunted, continued my pursuit of the literary muse. When ten, helped win the war by writing patriotic speeches. The war over, wrote my first fan story at the age of twelve—an interview with the four-year-old son of George Beban, then a big star, for *Photoplay Magazine*. For this received the unprecedented sum of $15. Attended Wellesley College and while a sophomore there did a Boston movie column for the *New York Morning Telegraph* at space (and cut) rates. After graduation attempted to offset effects of college education by becoming a scenario writer at M-G-M. Fled to New York after eight months to regain sanity. On the staff of *Photoplay Magazine* for a year and a half. Writing from Hollywood at the present time."
> (Editor's note: And very well, too.)

The spirit of youth and a sense of humor in articles, in pictures—even in our writers. That's what we want SILVER SCREEN to be made of, always. And if any young writers are hiding about with great big ideas about movies and magazines the editor would be very glad indeed to hear from them.

Ruth Waterbury.

EDITOR.



Take these 3 easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness . . .



WHEN purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Encased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity, at 75c.



Maybelline preparations may be obtained at all toilet goods counters. Maybelline Co., Chicago.

Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use *Maybelline Eye Shadow* to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

Then—they use *Maybelline Eyelash Darkener* to instantly make their lashes appear dark, long, and beautifully luxuriant—to make their eyes appear larger, more brilliant and bewitchingly inviting. There are two forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener: Solid form and the waterproof Liquid; either in Black or Brown.

The third and final step is a touch with *Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil* to artistically shape the brows. You will like this pencil. It is the clean, indestructible type, and may be had in Black and Brown.

Take these three easy steps to instant loveliness *now*. Begin with the Eye Shadow, follow with the Eyelash Darkener, and finish with the Eyebrow Pencil. Then, from the height of your new found beauty, observe with what ease you attain such delightful results. This radiant transformation is achieved only by using genuine Maybelline products. Insist upon them.

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER • EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes



All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.